V. 104 July-Dec 1938

July 25c

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

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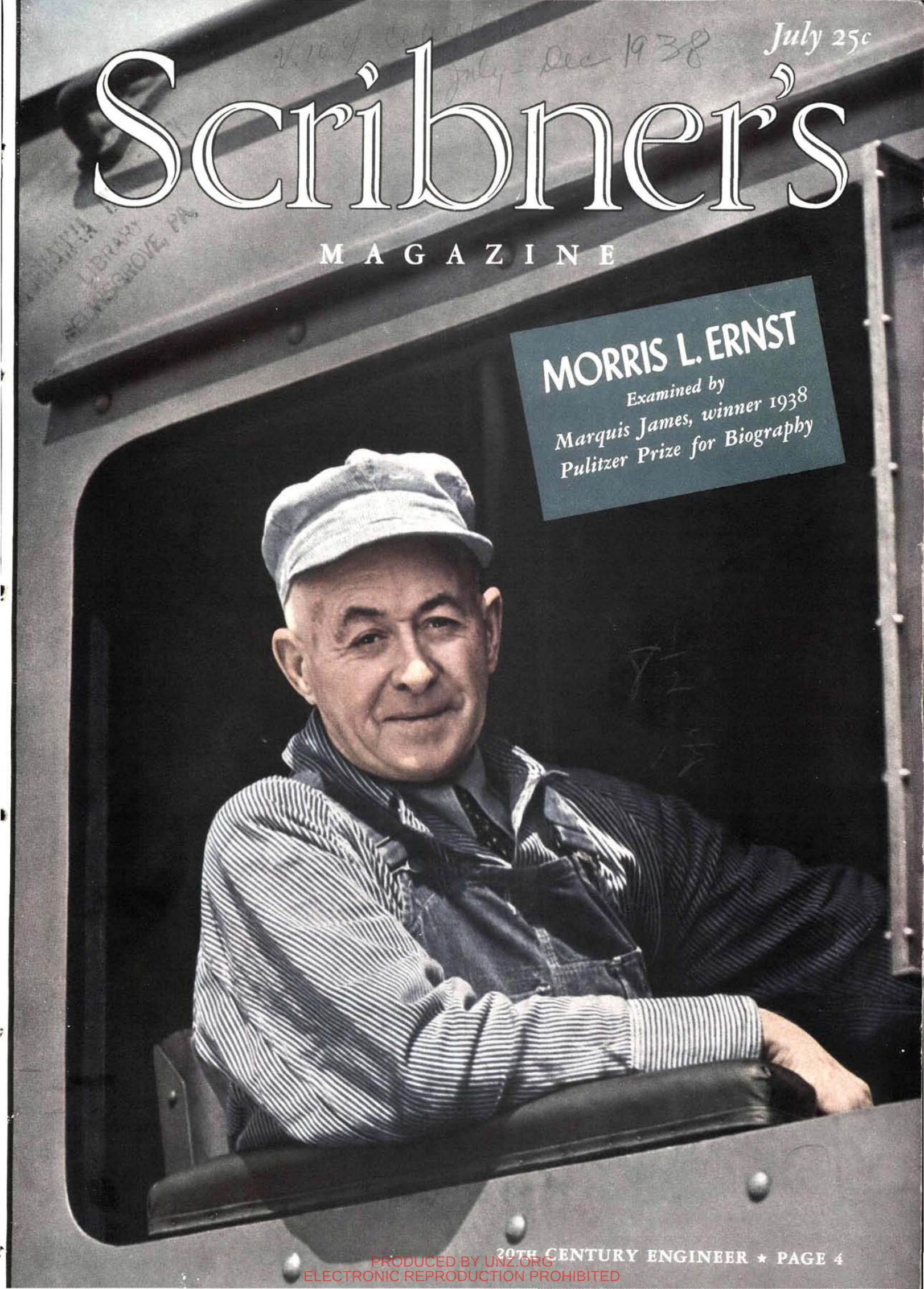

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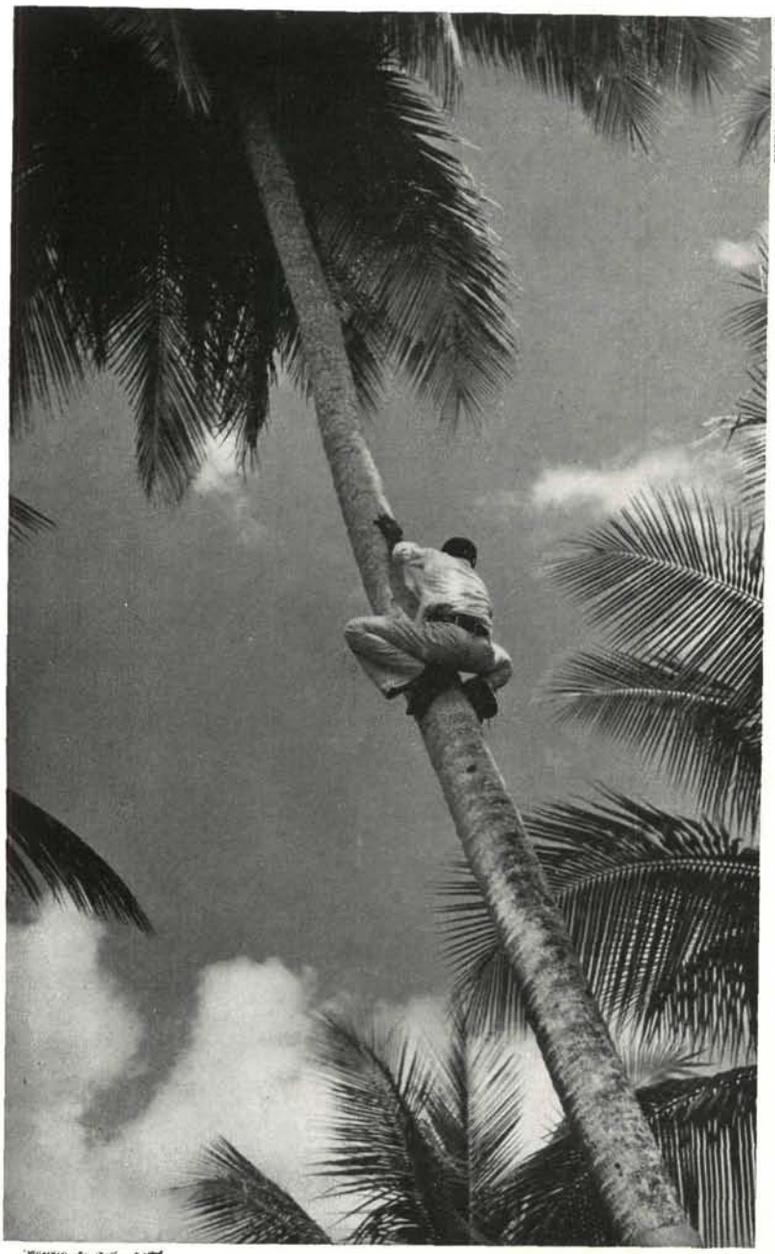

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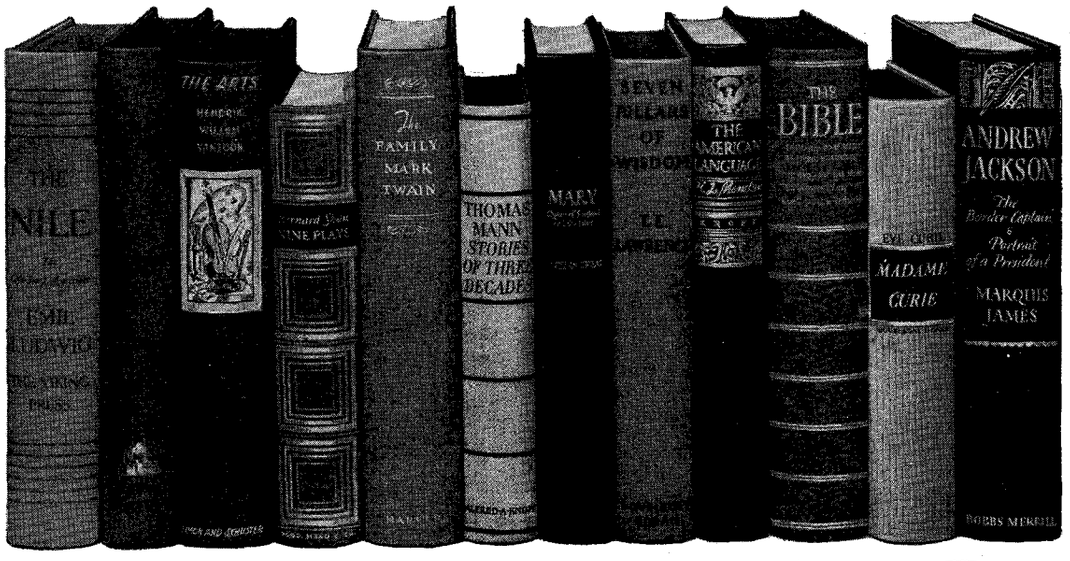

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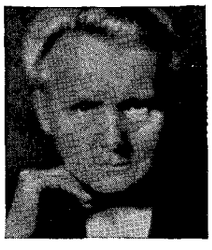

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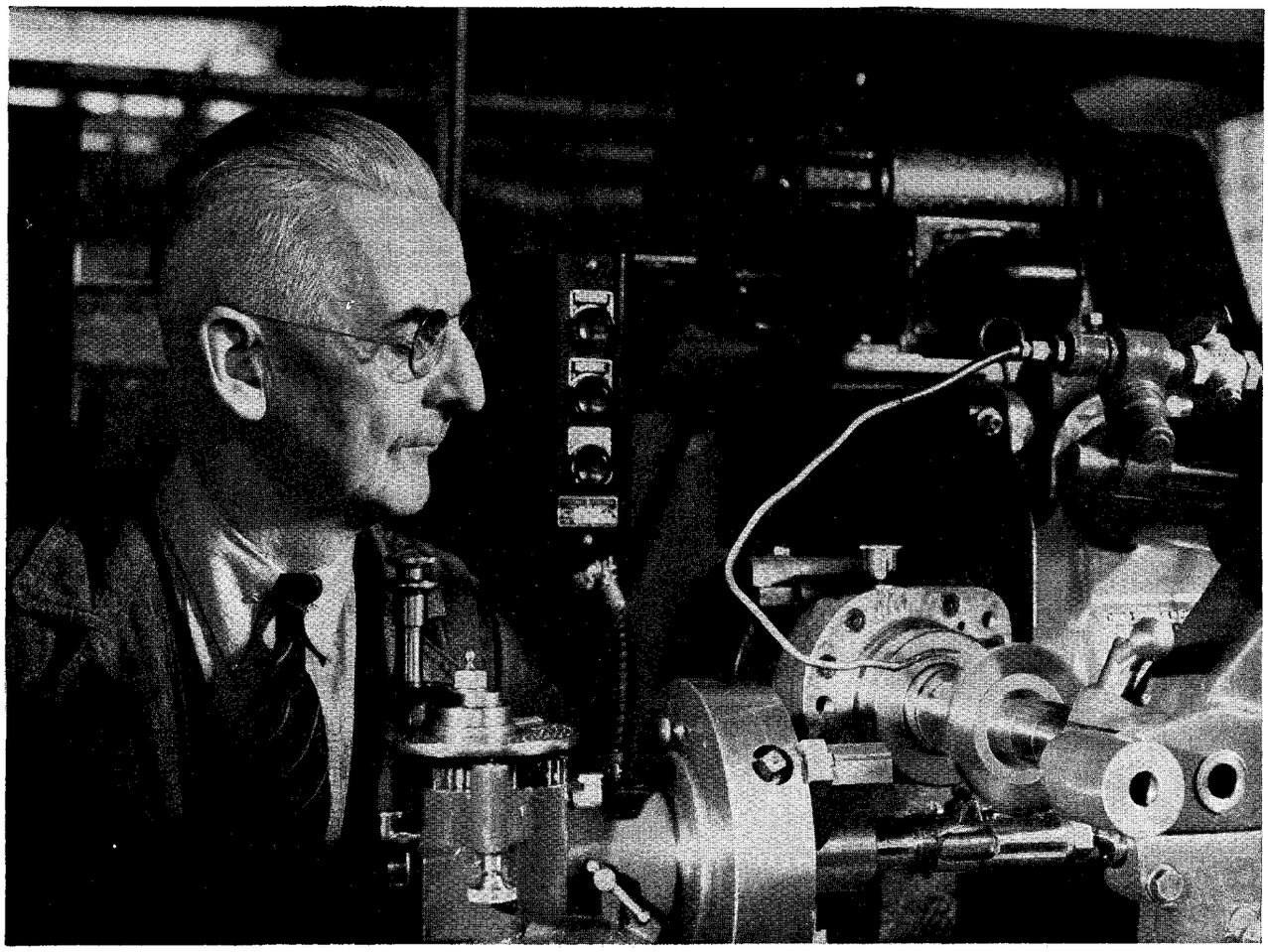

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

1938—OUR SIXTIETH YEAR OF ELECTRICAL PROGRESS—1938

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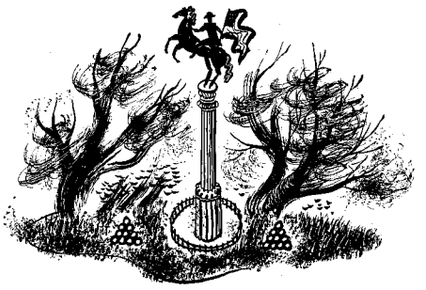

July, 1938
Vol. 104, No. 1

In our August issue we plan to examine several unusually interesting facets of American life. Our personality story will be on Boake Carter; it is by A. J. Liebling, a writer who was reporting for the New York *World-Telegram* when Carter was copyreading, at $50 a week, for the tabloid Philadelphia *News* . . . Harland Manchester, who wrote the Grover Whalen story published last month, will be in this issue with the sixth article in our series on magazines that sell; his subject is the True Story-True Confession group . . . We shall also examine (a) an influential development in crime prevention and (b) the strange flirtation of business with surrealism . . . Some of the other high spots: A "Life in the United States" article titled "Only the One I'm After"; six pages of superb photography; a short story by Edward Horton; the final instalment of Kurt Steel's mystery novel, "Murder Is a Fact."

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

20th Century Engineer (*See Cover*)

Peter Osborne went on the New York Central payroll in 1895, became a locomotive engineer in 1903, and has now passed his 2,000,000th mile. He pilots the *20th Century Limited* from Harmon to Albany, one of the seven laps of the New York-to-Chicago run. Harmon, a big name in railroading, is a many-tracked place on the Hudson where the electrics, pulling trains out of Grand Central, are replaced by steam. It was at Harmon that Osborne was photographed, looking out of the cab of one of the Central's ten new streamliners. He had been there for several weeks, warming up No. 5449, when we went up to get his picture and to ask him a few questions.

He grinned at the first one. "Why," he said, "she's kind of snappy. I can push her up to 90 or more without any trouble, but I'm only allowed to go 70." And when we asked him what he thought about there in the cab, pushing along at 70, he said, "I'm thinking about a half-mile ahead."

He has to. For instance, there was that night in Peekskill when the engineer up ahead in 23 got out and went down the street to his home for a few minutes. He misjudged the time, saw Osborne steaming 21 around the bend on the same track, and frantically threw a flare out over the rails. Osborne jammed on the air and stopped eight feet behind 23.

But such things don't happen any more. With tracks electrically wired, the signals won't show green until all is clear. Besides, there are automatic brakes. If the engineer passed out cold at the throttle, the train would stop in less than a quarter of a mile. At 70 m.p.h., Osborne can stop his streamliner in 300 yards. "Don't care to, though. It would stand you right up on your feet and flatten every tire on the train."

Osborne is sixty-three. He was born on the Hudson and has spent his entire life in the Valley. Today he lives with his wife in a small, 200-year-old house at Cold Spring, N. Y., and spends his days off raising chickens, puttering around a half-acre garden, or driving through the countryside in his new Packard sedan. He makes $335 a month and hasn't had a drink in twelve years.

After we had inspected No. 5449, we asked if he would like to be running one of the new Diesel-electrics. "No, sir!" he said. "You can't hammer 'em."

Judge Not

In the midst of our series of articles on magazines that sell, we find that SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has been made

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No. 1 in a series of cartoons in *Judge*. We doubt that many of our readers saw this cartoon, so we are reprinting it here —without, of course, comment.

Isms and Anti-Isms

We try to keep all propaganda and propagandists out of SCRIBNER'S. We do not believe we can examine people and things objectively (hence, effectively) if we succumb either to isms or to anti-isms. We are determined not to let our white space be wasted by the pressure groups, who come to us under all guises, often with the insinuating preface "Well, of course, you are anti ——."

No, we are not "anti ——." We are simply anti-insect. Hence, with great pleasure we give publicity to a bit of publicity aimed at insects; to wit, that the *Yerba de la Pulga* is repellent to practically all insects in an area of 300 square feet; that the Pan American Society of Tropical Research has just secured 3,000,000 *Yerba de la Pulga* seeds; that a package of the seeds and directions for growing will be given to any

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American who sends a stamped envelope. Address P. O. Box 1698, New Orleans—if you too are anti-insect.

Birth of an Article

The origin of "The Great Speedup" (page 27) makes an interesting footnote on magazine-editing. This is how it happened: Early in April Gilbert H. Burck called us on the phone about a transportation article he was doing. We asked him to send it on. He did, and we sent it back—with a note quoting one sentence from the article. Take this one sentence, our note said, and develop it; get all the facts, examine them and then, probably, you'll have an article for SCRIBNER'S. Thus, out of one sentence, came the article titled "The Great Speedup." That sentence, incidentally, is now part of the article, and to the reader who *first* identifies it we shall give a life subscription.

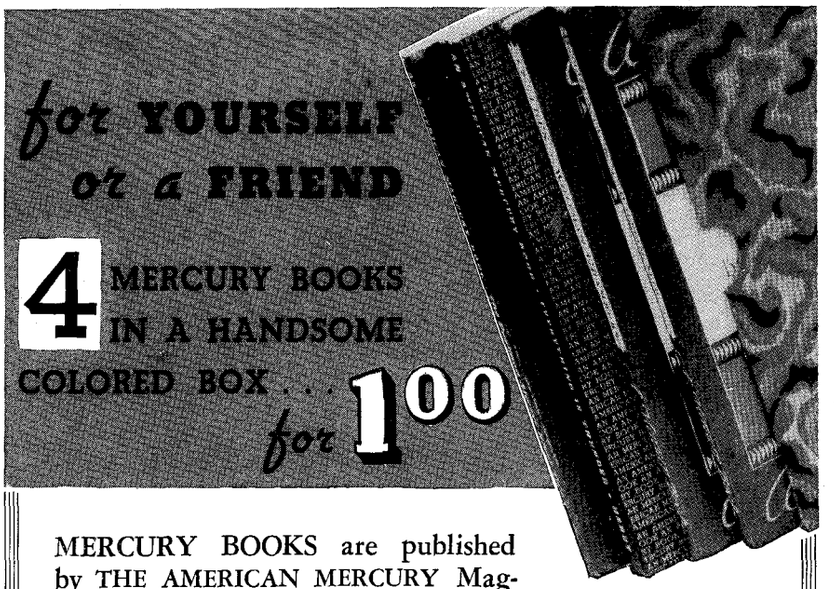
Pulitzer Prizes

We have two Pulitzer Prize winners in this issue: Henry F. Pringle and Marquis James. The announcement that Mr. James was the 1938 co-winner in biography came a few days after he read proof for us on his examination of Morris Ernst. Mr. James was given the prize for his *Andrew Jackson*. It was his second Pulitzer Prize. He won in 1930 with a biography of Sam Houston. Two years later Mr. Pringle won with a biography of Theodore Roosevelt.

Since Mr. Pringle was introduced to our readers months ago, the rest of this note will be devoted to Mr. James: Forty-seven, born in Missouri, comes from Oklahoma, lives at Pleasantville, N. Y. Spent one year in college (Phillips University, at Enid, Oklahoma) and nineteen months in the A.E.F. (captain of infantry). Worked on newspapers in Enid, Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, Chicago, and New York. Has written theatrical publicity, patent-medicine advertising, pulp fiction, and a history of the American Legion.

Notes

Gilbert H. Burck was a newspaperman before becoming an editor of *Railroad Magazine*. . . . Thomas Rourke, who did a biography of Gomez a few years ago, is now in Florida, at work on a novel. For many years he was a civil engineer in Latin America. . . . John Clark Hunt grew up in the Blue Grass section of Kentucky; before becoming a forester he was a farm hand, steel worker, clerk, and cow puncher. . . . Marty Savela is a twenty-three-year-old Chicagoan.



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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume 104, Number 1 July, 1938

EVE HARRISON

Morris L. Ernst

MARQUIS JAMES

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *a liberal lawyer making $40,000 a year . . . his virtual monopoly of censorship cases . . . his courtroom tactics and publicity techniques*

Some years ago Morris Ernst had a workout with a psychoanalyst. After telling his patient that he was an exhibitionist, the distinguished prober of the subconscious charged a smacking fee. The money seems to have been wasted. Any number of Ernst's friends would have told him the same thing—been glad to—and not charged a cent. For instance, Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, called Ernst to Albany and asked him to become a member of the State Banking Board. Ernst accepted. "And now, Morris," said the Governor, "I'd like to ask for one favor." "What, Frank, already?" said Ernst, never one down on first names. The Governor continued: "Yes. Don't try to free Tom Mooney tomorrow."

On a wall in Ernst's law office in New York City is a cartoon by James Thurber. It shows a dozen people, of as many varieties, surrounding a receptionist. The caption reads: "There's been some mix-up; we're waiting to see Morris Ernst." *The New Yorker* rejected the picture on the ground that it would be appreciated only by those who know Morris Ernst. Thurber's view is expressed in

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PHOTOS BY ACME

Clients of Ernst: Edna Ferber, Heywood Broun, Maurice Evans, and Kathleen Norris

the dedicatory line: "Our circulation is 145,000 and 298,000 of these know you personally."

The Banking Board berth which the extensively known attorney accepted from the hands of Mr. Roosevelt is important, obscure, and unsalaried. Ernst still holds it, having been twice reappointed by Governor Lehman. Those who understand him know that Ernst can be relied on in such jobs—relied on to pocket his flair for *causes célèbres* and to work unflaggingly, inconspicuously, and well to further the public interest as he sees it.

In part this trait explains the rise of Morris Ernst, now forty-nine, from a shirt manufacturer studying law in a night school, to a place among the leading liberal lawyers of America. Before the United States Supreme Court he has bested such opposing counsel as John W. Davis, the late James M. Beck, and Samuel Untermyer. He is an authority on literary censorship, libel, labor and radio legislation, taxation, and finance. He is a confidential consultant of Mayor LaGuardia, Governor Lehman, and of department heads of the Roosevelt Administration; also of Ursula Parrott, Vicki Baum, Brian Aherne, and Stanley Walker. He sees the President three or four times a year. The latter part of April his name was on the White House appointment sheet for a ten-minute interview. On that sheet ten minutes usually mean ten minutes. Ernst spent an hour with Roosevelt, after which the boys in the White House pressroom stopped their card game long enough to waylay the caller.

"Can you tell us what you talked about?"

"No," said the lawyer.

" 'The Birth of a Baby?' " (This controversial film was then in the news, with Ernst defending the magazine *Life* for running still pictures from it. The question was provocative, intended to goad the witness into intimating that larger concerns had formed the subject of the presidential interview.)

"No," said the lawyer.

"Frank Hague?" (Ernst had lately had a set-to with the Mayor of Jersey City.)

"No."

"Nothing to say?"

"I'm afraid that's the size of it."

The irony of it is that Morris Ernst would as soon lose a finger as to say "No" to a newspaperman. He has lived long enough to learn, however, that a man has to take the world as he finds it. By deliberate and reflective choice Ernst became a lawyer. Yet he hadn't been practicing very long before he developed a magnificent scorn for certain aspects of the profession. He won't join the American Bar Association and vexes his conservative colleagues by tub-thumping for the National Lawyers' Guild, a kind of barristers' C.I.O. Just the same he is realist enough to go along as a partner in one of Manhattan's eminently solvent legal firms, noiselessly engaged in the routine of business and commercial law, advocating the causes of clients whom Ernst's Socialist and Communist comrades regard as predatory persons indeed. Redressing the balance, some of Ernst's pay-dirt customers are equally apprehensive of his left-wing collaborations.

"Morris," said a member of the Stock Exchange, "you'll lose all your clients if you don't quit hanging out with John L. Lewis and that Browder."

"Are you going to quit me?" asked Morris.

"No."

"Then I'll take my chances with the others."

In this way Morris Ernst makes in the neighborhood of forty or fifty thousand dollars a year. He needs that much to live as he does—maintaining three homes, reaching for checks on the edge of New York's café society, and keeping his bills paid during the long lay-offs he takes to indulge in non-revenue- or low-revenue-producing pursuits. Such pursuits occupy two-thirds of Ernst's time. Eliminate them, and he could double his income. But there would be no time for the things Ernst likes to do, for example, the Banking Board job. This is not, however, a perfect example, and Morris Ernst is a perfectionist. A perfect example of Morris Ernst bearing the torch of public service is one that lands him in the headlines of every newspaper in town. With one paper missing, Ernst's instinct tells him that something is wrong, for which he is

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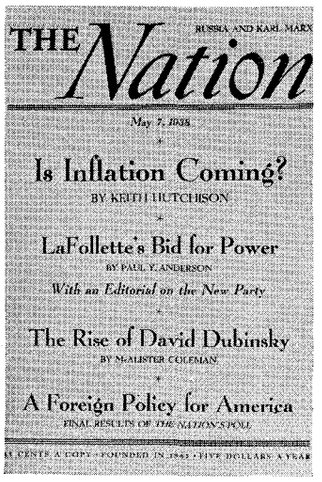
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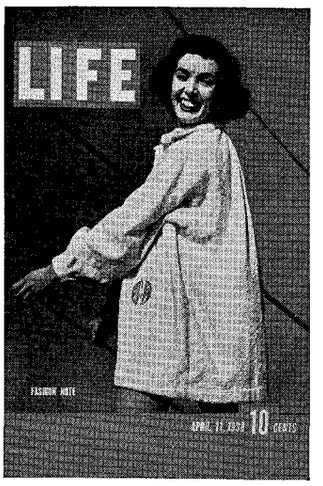
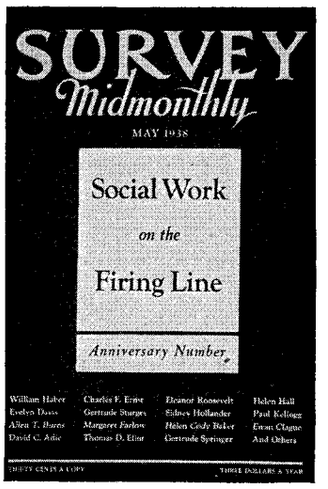
A Foreign Policy for America
FINAL RESULTS OF THE NATION'S POLL





Magazines that have been represented by Ernst. He has also written fiction for Cosmopolitan

as likely to blame his own faulty technique as to inveigh against editors.

II

No FAULTS of technique are apparent in Ernst's management of the case for James Joyce's book *Ulysses,* imported from England by an American publisher and libeled by our customs people as too Rabelaisian for circulation on these shores. That story went around the world. In a Federal court Ernst argued that, being the essence of frankness, *Ulysses* was the essence of purity. Pointing out that we permit the language "slept together" in our books, Ernst arraigned the phrase as squeamish, suggestive, circumlocutory, and inexplicit. He defended Joyce's use of an Anglo-Saxon four-letter word, covering the same ground, as the more decent expression. In a scholarly opinion, Judge John M. Woolsey praised the literary quality of *Ulysses* and dismissed the suit.

This salient triumph, in 1933, established Ernst's preeminence among lawyers crusading against censorship. Though opposed to censorship in all its forms (Ernst would have the State Department play its diplomatic poker with the cards face up), with him, as with nearly everyone, censorship usually pertains to sex. This is a subject Ernst does not run away from, though he doesn't tell or care to listen to Pullman smoking-compartment stories. He distrusts those who do, and when picking a jury for a censorship trial, challenges every one of them he can spot.

Nineteen years ago Margaret Sanger's great battle for the right to distribute literature on contraceptives interested Ernst in censorship. He missed the Sanger fight, being unequipped for it, but has hardly missed one big censorship fight since then. He has waged an almost continuous warfare against Federal, State, local, private, and ecclesiastical censorship bodies. In 1927 he took into court the case of Dr. Marie Stopes' *Married Love,* gaining the right of aboveboard sale of the first frank manual of sexual relations to attain a general circulation in this country. Two years later the New York police seized the records of the Birth Control Clinic and arrested its director, Dr. Hannah Stone. This was the Sanger battle over again, and Ernst won it. The same year Mary Ware Dennett was arrested for circulating a brochure, called *The Sex Side of Life.* It defines sexual intercourse as man's greatest pleasure. Ernst showed that the pamphlet was held in esteem by doctors, clergymen, Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. officers; that it was used at Columbia University, and sold at the Union Theological Seminary bookstore. The judge threw out this testimony and fined Mrs. Dennett $300. Ernst appealed, got his testimony in the record, and obtained Mrs. Dennett's acquittal.

Ernst's tactics in censorship cases, and other causes in the spectacular category, are interesting. He relies on no courtroom tricks, such as slick cross-examining. Ernst has so long and so ardently denounced these practices that he could hardly use them without crossing himself up. His specialty is making a public issue of the kind of case which heretofore had no, or little, popular support. In this way a lot of his cases are won before they get to court. For instance, the indictment against Mrs. Dennett was technically defective—wrong word used somewhere. Ernst could have attacked the indictment and possibly got it thrown out. Instead, he made the case a public issue, and won on that issue. Thus, his victories contribute something that is lasting.

Before Ernst came along, the vice crusaders used to scare booksellers into pleas of guilty and light fines by promising to get the case over quickly, and without publicity. Ernst said, "Let's have publicity and make it work for us." He says he has made the opposition—meaning particularly John S. Sumner, executive secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice—win a number of his cases. In the suit against Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness,* a novel of lesbianism, Ernst was engaged unexpectedly. He asked the court for a postponement to familiarize himself with the book.

Sumner leapt to his feet, protesting. "All he wants is time to whoop this case up. All he wants is publicity."

"Come, come, Mr. Sumner," Ernst answered. "You

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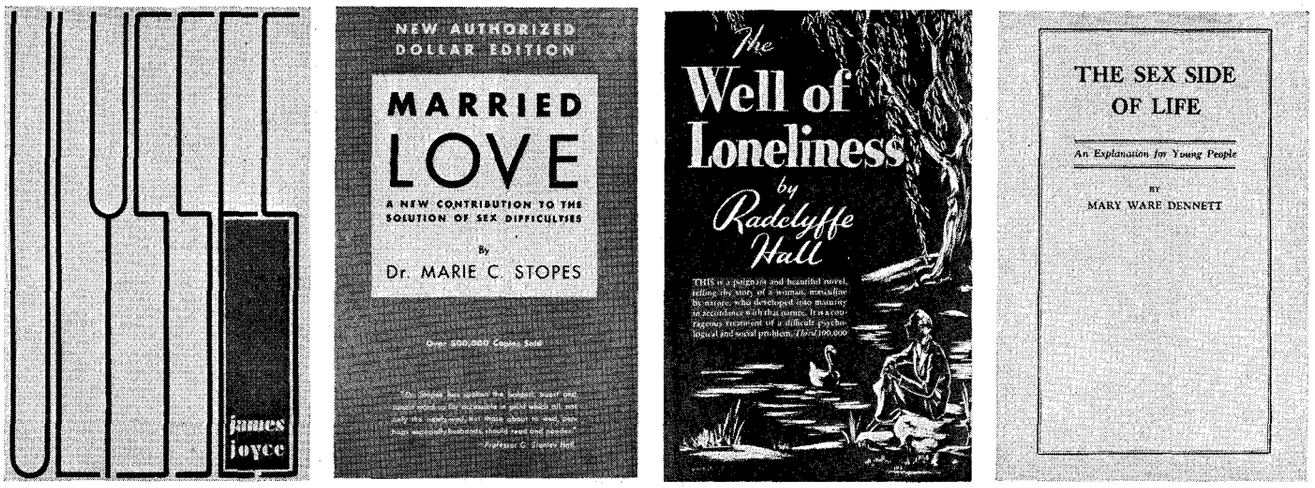

Books defended by Ernst. The suit against The Well of Loneliness *made it a best-seller*

have given this case sufficient publicity for our purposes."

It was true. Ernst won. The book, a dull affair, sold 200,000 copies. Had Sumner let it alone, nothing the publishers could have done would have pushed sales above 3000.

Ernst's build-up in favor of Schnitzler's *Casanova's Homecoming* took an unexpected turn. Mr. Sumner's charge came before the late Magistrate Maurice H. Gottlieb. Though not a learned man, Judge Gottlieb was a very wise one. His decisions, abounding in common sense, were widely respected. Looking at his calendar, he addressed Mr. Ernst in a fatherly tone: "Counsel, this is a book case. I have not read a book, excepting law books, for ten years. You don't want me on this case."

Ernst insisted that Judge Gottlieb hear the case, and submitted as part of his defense letters commending the book from Theodore Dreiser, Henry L. Mencken, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, and Sinclair Lewis. Puckering his brows over these strange names, Judge Gottlieb reserved decision. In a few days he telephoned Mr. Ernst.

"I do not find a letter from Heywood Broun on that Schnitzler book," said the magistrate. "I would like his opinion."

Ernst got it.

Judge Gottlieb dismissed Sumner's charges, and Ernst asked for his exhibits, thinking he might need them in event of further difficulties over the book.

"Counsel," said the magistrate, "it would be most inconvenient to return those letters. You see, my son is an autograph collector."

III

As a shirt manufacturer in Brooklyn, Ernst provided the trade with nifty numbers, trade-marked Usona, at $3.75 to $4.50 a dozen. He liked that title, Usona, which forms the initials of "United States of North America." The ex-shirtmaker continues the pastime of coining fancy names. Not long ago he was asked to incorporate a gambling concern. The incorporators hadn't picked a name. "Let's call it 'Friwaftt,' " said Ernst. That was okay with the incorporators, who never suspected the name stood for "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Morris Ernst quit the shirt business because the only thing about it he liked, besides the trade-mark, was the opportunity to fraternize with his hundred employees. He figured he didn't have to make shirts in order to mix with the working people. This has been borne out by events. Scarcely had Ernst displayed his lawyer's shingle when he was included in a group formed for the discussion of a free employment service to be run by the State of New York. Ernst seemed to know so much more about the subject than anyone else present that he got the job of drafting a bill, which the Legislature adopted. Within a couple of years the newspapers were referring to him as a "labor expert." As such he was made a member of the United States Shipping Board during the War. By substituting hot tamales for hot dogs in their mess, Ernst reduced the turnover of Mexican workers in Texas.

After the War Ernst went to bat for the truck farmers about New York, alleging that the public markets were graft- and racketeer-ridden. Twice he was thrown out of official hearings on a new market ordinance. With the exit of Tammany from New York's City Hall, the things Ernst complained of fifteen years ago have been corrected. In 1934 Mayor LaGuardia appointed Ernst his personal representative to try to settle the taxi drivers' strike. The situation was incredibly complicated. Ernst showed fearlessness and independence by announcing one drivers' union to be a racketeer outfit, and advising cab owners not to deal with it. By a series of difficult compromises he brought about a settlement which, among other things, reduced the number of cabs in New York from 16,000 to 13,000—a needed reform. Some labor officials regard the settlement as a sellout. A fairer view, perhaps, would embrace the fact that Ernst, a known sympathizer with labor, had called them as he saw them.

A pleasanter interlude in Ernst's career as a champion of the workers involved the organization of the Newspaper Guild, of which Heywood Broun was and is a luminary. Broun and Ernst went to high school together. In a fight

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PHOTOS BY ACME AND INTERNATIONAL

Adversaries of Ernst: Mayor Hague, Kent Cooper of the A.P., John Sumner, and Jackson Reynolds, banker

to make the Guild a going concern, they stuck closer than brothers. The fact that at the same time Ernst was acting as attorney for such publishers as Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the New York *Times* presented no incongruity to those who can fathom Morris Ernst. One evening Harold Ross, editor of *The New Yorker,* asked the lawyer to step over to the Ross penthouse to give advice on a private matter. Ernst showed up with Broun at his heels, the two of them immersed in talk about the Guild. Editor Ross was not interested in the Guild. At midnight, Ernst and Broun were still talking, and Ross was sleepy. He went to bed and in the morning telephoned another lawyer.

When the Associated Press fired a reporter, Morris Watson, for Guild activity, Ernst took the case into court. The attorney for the A.P. was John W. Davis. Watson won an award of $1700 back pay, which the United States Supreme Court sustained. Ernst's remuneration was twenty hats, won from friends at even money.

Ernst's most important case before the high court was in behalf of a group of owners of mortgage-participation certificates in a boom-built skyscraper which had gone bust. He contended that when two-thirds of the certificate owners agreed on a plan of reorganization, that plan, if approved by the court of jurisdiction, should be binding on the other owners. Of opposing counsel were Messrs. Beck and Untermyer. The court upheld Ernst's contention, and reorganizations involving two billion dollars have been made on the basis of the decision.

As attorney for the National Jewelers Board of Trade, Ernst has written virtually all Federal and State legislation dealing with platinum. As attorney for the New York Gents Furnishings and Hatters Association he has run fly-by-night stores out of the metropolis. He represents most of the foreign arbitrage houses, whose network comprises the most delicate piece of financial machinery in the United States. He represents the Macaroni Workers Union, the Sculptors Guild, the Authors League, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Sauerkraut Workers Union, the Society of American Composers, and the Dramatists Guild.

It was as attorney for the C.I.O. that Ernst became involved in his scrap with Mayor Frank Hague and his autonomous principality of Jersey City. Hague's cops had expelled or locked up C.I.O. organizers for distributing leaflets. After vainly trying to get the ear of the Senate Committee on Civil Liberties, Ernst made the papers with a speech before the Lawyers' Guild, to which Hague replied: "I am inclined to invite Morris Ernst to Jersey City to repeat his speech. I will guarantee that if he does his friends will not see him for a long, long time."

Ernst countered by inviting Hague to Carnegie Hall or Madison Square Garden. "What's more, I'll guarantee him safe passage back from the United States to Jersey City." Then both contenders took to the radio with the general result that the issue was moved further into the realm of nonsense. On the whole, C.I.O. folk were wondering whether, for all the sound decibles recorded, they were better off than they had been at the beginning. Had Ernst, for once, chosen a showman's methods when a quieter approach might have been more effective? Then came a pure break. The United States Supreme Court invalidated the ordinance of a Georgia municipality forbidding the distribution of leaflets on its streets. What the Supreme Court says goes for Georgia goes also for Jersey City.

At one time and another, Morris Ernst has been mentioned for public office, including that of mayor of New York and lieutenant governor and adjutant general of the State. Porto Ricans have repeatedly petitioned the President to appoint Ernst governor of that problem-ridden island. From the corridors of the Department of Justice Building in Washington a few years ago, the story seeped out that Ernst was being considered for the United States district attorneyship in New York; then that everything was off because research disclosed his wife to be a registered Socialist. This sounds phony. The researchers needn't have pried into Mrs. Ernst's political affiliations to have had their concern aroused, Morris Ernst himself being, at that time, not a registered Democrat. He has never been one. When twenty- (*continued on page* 57)

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Souvenir Hunters

MARTY SAVELA

THROUGHOUT the entire last day of the International Air Races, the pilots and the boys on the field were expecting a crack-up. Simply because there had been three of them over the days previous, they felt this fourth and final day must bring a fourth, final crash, and they spoke freely of it, with a naïve fatalism and candor they have.

I recall, just before the final event of the day, the trophy race, a pilot saying, "Just look at the crowd out here today. That gets them out: blood on the field . . ."

The planes were poised in front of the hangar, being warmed up for the trophy race, when I left the field. I had been working on the ground crew and was dead tired, had a mouth clogged with dust, and red-rimmed eyes after four days of the fumes, slip streams, and bright sunlight. So I was walking slowly across the fields toward the bus depot when the engines burst into the full-throated cry of flight.

It had been hot and windless all day, with a clear sky, fine for flying, encircled by low, white cumulus that lay flanking the horizon but that left the ceiling limitless. The evening was gaudily colorful. Sunset flared, tinting the hangar walls, the turf, and the wings of the ships with russet. Darkling gray clouds rose swiftly, wind-roused, stirring the ragged roadside trees, and a taste of rain came into the air.

The windy hush, presaging storm, gave no warning, and in all truth, warning would have been of little good against the sure swiftness of the impending tragedy. But it did serve to lend a certain poignancy and drama to the scene.

Maybe it was on the third lap that it happened—I don't remember—and a quick gasp welled into all the throats. I turned around then, knowing the crash had come. The young girl pilot who had been in the lead, flying a stubby, overpowered brute, had veered from the course in turning the north pylon, a pennon of torn fabric flapping aimlessly from the trailing edge of the wing. The girl was a perfect flier, resourceful and cool. She did not attempt the field—a bank would have torn the wing asunder—but zoomed out over a clump of trees that bordered it, in a flat glide, the engine cut dead and fish-tailing slightly in an effort to kill her terrific speed. She passed above me, a lethal and wind-humming shade against the darkening sky. But at first it seemed as though she might have made it. The crowd was silent and tense. The racers circled the course unnoticed. She was almost down, wheels scraping earth, when the plane gave a sudden forward lunge, the nose dipped and struck (there was no sound at all), and the fuselage stood on end. The impetus of the crash threw the girl clear, dashing her body to the ground directly beneath the crumpled wing.

The crowd came streaming across the fields toward the wreckage. And we stood there, gaping vacantly at the slim body lying broken, with the arms outflung and tousled head gone askew in the soil.

But I want to describe what happened there:

Rain began to fall gently upon the crowd gathered by the mangled fuselage. A voice boomed forth in sad, soothing speech from the loud-speakers of the Public Address System, and the sirens churned. After a moment

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DRAWING BY NICHOLAS RILEY

the voice stopped, but the sirens went on, disconsolate. The race was over: the planes settled to earth. The sirens went dead.

In the ensuing silence there was a slight, rending noise —a man had torn a strip of fabric from the plane, for a souvenir, touching the fuselage delicately. The whole crowd then caught the impulse and swarmed on the ship, tearing at whatever came to hand and leaving it bare, as locusts will leave a tree.

It looked rather eerie then, standing uptilted and naked in the oncoming twilight rain. And all during this time there was silence; they did not utter one sound. The scene had a macabre, nightmarish quality. Now shadowy dusk had fallen, agitated by the rising wind, and rain plashed in large drops. But when they moved on the body of the girl, it became even more ghoulish and unreal, something like the high pitch of terror in a dream, at which your sleep is broken and you are suddenly, gratefully awake and free. Only this was no dream; it happened just so. First they tore off her leather flying coat, then the yellow pongee shirt she was wearing, for souvenirs. . . . When the crash car came, they had to wrap the body in a blanket. . . .

It was over quickly then, and the crowd fled across the fields toward parked cars and down the road. There were only the thunder, nighttime, windy and lightning-scarred, and the rain falling fast.

After a while I was sitting in a roadside restaurant, waiting for the bus. There was no one else in the place but the melancholy, flat-footed Greek, who kept polishing the marble counter and complaining about business. He looked out of the window and said, sadly, "I have such awfully, very bad luck vif dis place. . . ." The bus was delayed a long time by the rain.

When it finally came, I paid my fare and took a seat close to the window. We moved very slowly along the highway, through a blue dusk that was sundered often by lightning. The trees were all wind-tousled and the lights of cars blinded.

Across the aisle from me, a boy of about twelve was sleeping soundly. Tightly clutched in his hand was an airspeed indicator, jammed at somewhere over a hundred.

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The Fugitives

THOMAS ROURKE

THE KETCH was anchored in the mouth of Angelfish Creek, and I was poling the skiff over the flats, looking for crawfish, when the hail came from the black shore.

It straightened me up. It would straighten anybody up, coming out of the stillness on that lonely shore. It came again, sounding low and close at hand. I pushed hard on the handle of the bully-net, setting the bow shoreward. When the bottom grated and the light cut into the tangle of mangroves, I saw the two of them back among the roots that grew down into the water at the shoreline.

The woman was standing and the man lay on the ground behind her, leaning against a balsa raft, and they both had that drawn, wary look about the eyes that men and animals have when they're hungry and thirsty and hunted. At first I thought they were both men, for they wore men's clothes, wrinkled and stiff with dried salt water, but when the standing one spoke, the voice was a woman's.

"Will you help us?" she called. "We were wrecked in the storm." She spoke English with a slight accent, and the man lay there staring up at me, not saying anything at all.

"There's an automobile road only a mile away," I said. "Why did you stay here?"

"The captain told us to wait until he came back."

I laughed. "He had no idea of coming back," I said. As soon as I'd seen the name, *Grampus II,* stenciled on the balsa raft, I'd known what it was all about. Charley Graham had been running them in from Cuba and they'd gone onto the reef during the squall two nights ago.

"Did the *Grampus* smash up?" I asked.

"Yes. The captain got us ashore on the raft."

"Well," I said, "I'll have to take you aboard my boat. We'll have to lift this chap, I guess. Has he been hurt?"

"He was shot. He is my brother."

We lifted him into the skiff, and I rowed around the

DRAWINGS BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

"Will you help us?" she called. "We were wrecked in the storm."

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point and headed for the yellow light of the lantern that hung from the forestay of the ketch.

I put him into one of the bunks in the cabin and opened his shirt. The bullet had gone through cleanly. On the brown flesh below the ribs was a small, pinkish, puckered wound, like a small, pink rose, the raised welts of torn flesh going out from the darker center like petals. High up on the shoulder was another wound—a larger and darker one.

"It went upward," the girl said. "He was on the balcony and they fired from the patio below."

She lay on the other bunk. I'd fried some small barracuda in corn meal, and she looked much better after the food and water and with the smooth, black hair brushed back from her face. Her skin was a golden yellow, the color of a ripe mango, under the light from the hurricane lamp.

"We stood it as long as we could," she said. "Then we gave up, and I called out to the first boat we saw."

It must have been pretty bad hiding among those mangrove roots for two days with no water and the air alive with mosquitoes and sand flies.

I remembered reading about them in the Miami papers. It was a political mix-up. A newspaper office in Havana had been bombed and some chap and his sister —leaders of a faction that opposed the party in power— had been accused. Officers went to arrest them, but they got away, after some shooting. The Coast Guard picket boats had been on the lookout along the South Florida coast for the last couple of weeks.

"Some people were going to meet us with a car," she said, "somewhere south of here; but the engine failed and we drifted with the Gulf Stream. Then the storm came, and we were blown onto the reef. We don't know who the people were nor where to find them. It was all arranged by friends here and in Havana."

"Well," I said, "try to get some sleep, anyway."

I took some blankets and went up into the cockpit and slid the hatch cover behind me. I lay on the seat, smoking, watching the stars dance around the black, swaying masts and rigging like silver fishes in a net.

They were in a bad spot now. The man needed a doctor. The authorities here would deport them, and they wouldn't have a chance in the courts in Havana. She said it was a frame-up, and they'd fixed a case against them that would put them right into the garrote. The garrote is a big, brass collar with a pointed screw at the back that draws the two parts together, going into the top of the spine at the same time.

I was in a bad spot myself. It was up to me to turn them in. If I didn't, I'd be guilty of smuggling aliens myself, and you get ten years for that. I had to be their judge, in a way. That thought took all the sleep out of me for that night.

A SHORT STORY

In the morning after breakfast, I put the outboard motor onto the skiff.

"I need some supplies," I told the girl. "It's a long way around to the store, and I'll be gone all day."

"Will you bring the officers back with you?" she asked in an ordinary voice, as though she were asking about the tide.

I looked away from her. "No," I said. "I think you should be allowed to rest a bit and get some strength back first, anyway."

She didn't say anything for a while. Then she asked, still calmly, "Aren't you afraid we'll sail away in your boat?"

"No. Even if you could sail her you couldn't break out the anchor."

"I could cut the rope."

"You could do that. I hadn't thought of it. But you won't, will you?"

"No."

It was near sunset when I got back from the store at Long Bridge. Carlota was dressed in a pair of my trousers and a white shirt. She'd found my canvases, and she and Andres babbled over them with great interest, apparently, but if you don't know Spanish, that's the way it always sounds.

"They're beautiful," she said. "Boats and sky and water! How different our lives have been. How different, the things that have interested us and stirred us."

II

I OUGHT to do something about them. I ought to put them into the skiff with the outboard and take them to the highway and hail a car and send Andres to a hospital. That would clear me. Or else I ought to call the Immigration Office from the store and have them come and take them. But each day I put it off, making some excuse to myself, trying to kid myself. And then I just forgot it. I never thought of it at all, after that, except for a moment when I'd see Carlota looking at me in that quiet, questioning sort of way she had, when I'd be leaving in the skiff. And then there was the time she asked me outright.

It was a week after I brought them aboard, after she'd gotten strong again and we'd become friends. We lay in the water on the hard sand with the little ripples lapping over us, the quarter-moon lighting up the white bot-

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tom and all the little swirls and the rows of gentle froth gliding in, glinting with blue fire.

"When are you going to send for them?" she asked. "It is a terrible strain, not knowing when it will be."

"I'm not going to send for them," I said.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"No. You're going to stay until Andres is well. Then I'll take you somewhere where you'll be safe."

"Where?"

"I don't know. But I'm not going to turn you in."

"But you must. We can't let you get into trouble for us. They'll put you into jail."

"I don't care."

She argued for a long time, but gave up at last when she saw that it was no good.

During the days, they stayed out of sight below and I went off in the skiff to fish among the creeks. The nights were the best, for there was no danger then. We could open up all the ports and play the radio and talk as loudly as we pleased.

Andres grew stronger each day until he could sit up and even come out into the cockpit at night for a breath of air. A bit of color came into his sallow cheeks. His eyes took on brightness, and in the political discussions that he and Carlota carried on, they fairly flashed.

Politics, or, rather, political philosophy—altruistic, militant—was their life's blood. It was their only interest in life, the only thing they lived for or even thought about, really. Hour after hour they talked, shut up below there in the cabin, Carlota sitting upright, tense, the color high in her cheeks, until, at last, I would stop them, fearing that Andres would exhaust himself. I'd never seen anyone like them before. They were so intense. And that was the thing that stood there like a barrier, thwarting me, depriving me of the closeness with her that I wanted more than anything else.

But at night I had Carlota to myself. It was my turn then. Wading over the moon-drenched coral flats or bathing in the slow, booming surf that tumbled in, all aglow, I tried to lead her into my world. She followed me, holding my hand, wondering and delighted as a child.

Of course something had to happen to change things, sooner or later. They couldn't go on like that forever; it wasn't in the books; but when it did happen, it came suddenly and from a quarter I hadn't figured on. It was the night that Andres asked to go out in the skiff with us.

I was down in the skiff at the stern of the ketch and Carlota was handing things down to me from the cockpit and Andres was beside her, watching. He'd been feeling much stronger, and today, especially, he'd been very cheerful and active. He said something in Spanish.

"Andres says he would like to go with us tonight," Carlota said.

"Do you think he's strong enough?"

"He says that he is sure it won't hurt him if he sits quietly in the boat."

It really wouldn't be much worse getting down into the skiff than climbing the hatchway. We were going crawfishing over the flats where the water would be as smooth as plate glass and the flatbottom skiff would glide over it without a tremor. I said he could come.

I stood in the skiff and held it steady with one hand, helping him with the other, while Carlota lowered him carefully from above with her hands under his armpits. He put his foot on the skiff's gunwale, leaning on my shoulder, and came down slowly. Then, suddenly, his foot slipped from the gunwale, he lurched heavily against me and, when my arm stiffened automatically, holding him there, his face was close to mine, and I saw the quick spasm of pain flash across it.

"Andres! Are you hurt?" Carlota cried.

"Está bien," he said.

He insisted that he was all right. We seated him in the stern and cast off.

We got a lot of crawfish that night. In three hours we had the bottom of the boat alive with them. Andres sat there quietly, his arms folding his coat closely to his chest, grinning, as we brought them in with the big net and dropped them, clacking, into the waist. He hadn't much to say, but he seemed to enjoy it all. He kept repeating, "Very good, very good," as we brought them in.

Back at the ketch we got Andres aboard, being very careful, and Carlota helped me put the crawfish into the live-cars. Then, when she was ready to go below, Andres said something in Spanish and she said to me, "He wants to sit up here for a while. Don't let him stay up too late, will you? Good night."

When she had closed the hatches behind her, Andres touched my arm and motioned me to him, putting his finger to his lips.

"Look," he whispered. "I hurt me, myself."

He opened his coat that he had been holding close with his arms all evening, and I flashed my electric torch. His whole chest was bloody, the blue shirt purple with blood, the dressing on the wound soggy, vivid red, almost cinnabar in the yellowish light.

"Blood," he whispered, "I spit it, also, a little bit. When I slip, I tear me something, I think."

The blood had clotted pretty well under the dressing, and I finally got the flow stopped. I made a clean dressing from some rags I found in the cockpit locker. All the while he made faces and signs with his hands, warning me to be quiet, pointing toward the hatchway.

He had made all his plans during the hours when we had been poling over the flats and he had sat there in the stern, grinning, holding his coat close about him, feeling the warm dampness spreading inside it. He had to get to town to a doctor, right now. But he would go alone, he said. Carlota mustn't know anything about it until I'd gotten him away. If she knew, she'd insist upon going, too, and that would be foolishness.

When I was helping him over the stern into the skiff, he stopped suddenly and looked at me again.

"Listen," he whispered, (*continued on page* 59)

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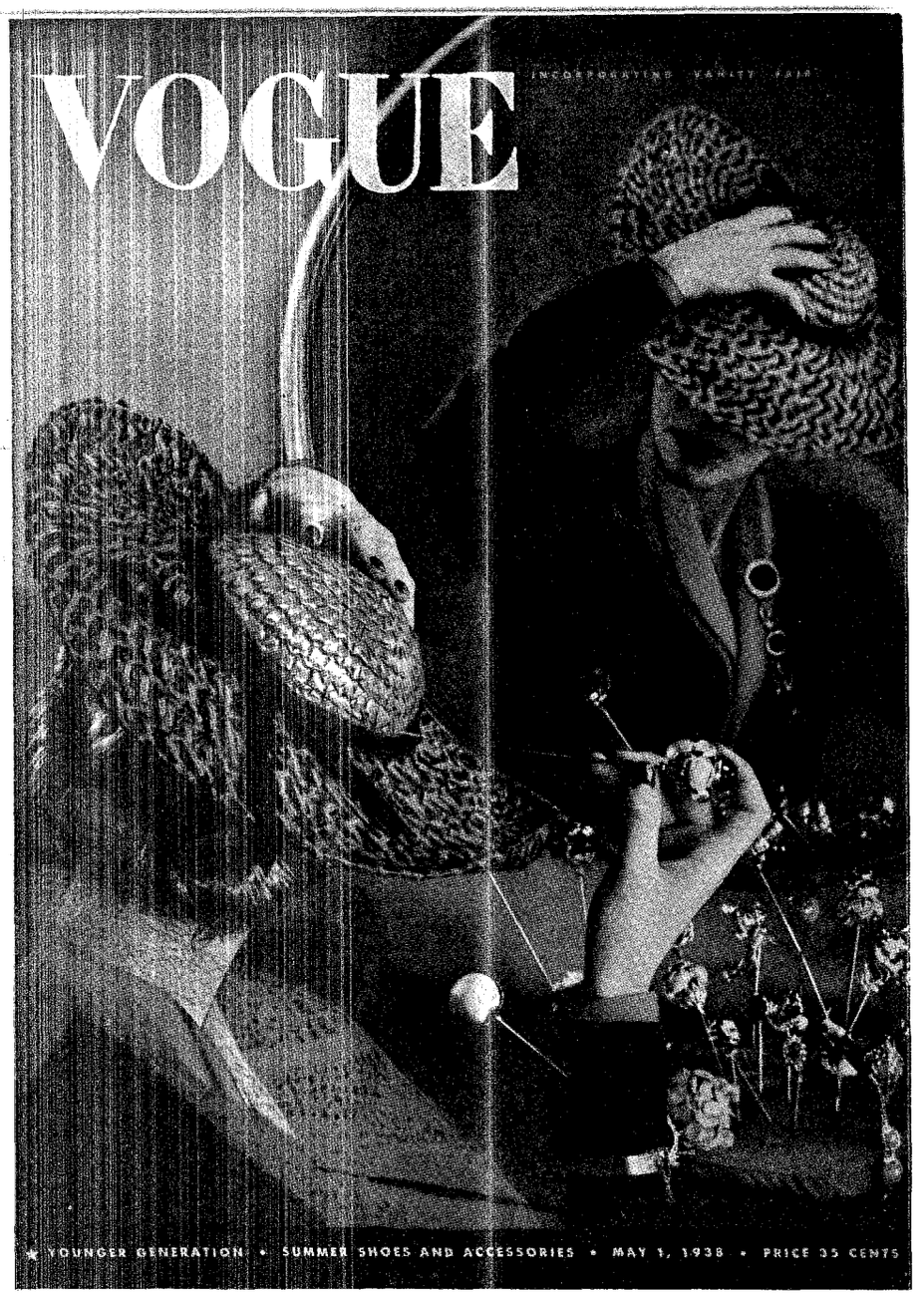
HIGH HAT

HENRY F. PRINGLE

The luxury group . . . five super-slicks with 500,000 readers . . . The battle between Nast's Vogue and Hearst's Harper's Bazaar . . . Spur's $7500 wardrobe for men



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THE merger of *Vanity Fair* with *Vogue* in March, 1936, caused a minor crisis in at least one of New York's more elegant clubs. An elderly member, unacquainted with magazine births, deaths, and marriages, bumbled into the club library one day and began searching testily for the current *Vanity Fair*. Finally, in a great rage, he summoned a servant and ordered the copy brought to him at once. The retainer, a Negro accustomed to strange requests, was scandalized.

"Why that's—that's a female magazine now, sir!" he said. "We just throw it away as soon as it comes in."

He was right. "Incorporating Vanity Fair" was printed in small type on *Vogue's* cover, but the combination of the two periodicals wasn't really a merger. It was an assimilation of the male by the female. Nearly all of *Vanity Fair* had vanished. It had been a bright, amusing magazine with a definite appeal to men. Guided by the graceful hand of Frank Crowninshield, it had held a mirror to the best in belles lettres, art, satire, and the finer points of contract bridge. That was all gone. The new magazine is merely *Vogue,* and its advertising pages are replete with lovely models in scanties, girdles, lingerie, silk stockings, and less. No self-respecting club—certainly no Manhattan club where the mere appearance of a woman at the door starts a near panic—could permit such hussies to cavort, though merely on the printed page, within its solemnly masculine precincts.

The loss of America's club circulation did not grieve Mr. Condé Nast, who had been losing $100,000 a year on *Vanity Fair*. *Vogue,* always a money-maker, continued to gain circulation and held its position as the leading publication in the class field. Still, *Harper's Bazaar,* owned by Mr. Hearst, had been gradually gaining on it in advertising revenue. In 1925 the *Bazaar* received only 36.3 per cent of the combined linage of the two magazines. In 1935 its percentage had climbed to 44.

Today, *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* dominate the "class field," which does not mean at all that they, with the other class magazines, have a monopoly of readers with intelligence, culture, or manners. It means that advertisers and advertising agencies are convinced that the people who buy them have, on the average, more money. "Class is money"—that is an axiom in the mind of every space-buyer. It is true even today, despite income taxes and surplus taxes and all the machinations of the New Deal. The class magazines exude an aura of wealth, and their circulations, therefore, are limited. They cater to the fit though few and they do this with slick paper, excellent illustrations, and a sycophantic reverence for Society—at thirty-five to fifty cents a copy.

In addition to *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar,* three other publications are in this high-toned group: *Town and Country,* which also belongs to Hearst; *Country Life & The Sportsman,* another merger; and *The Spur*. Their

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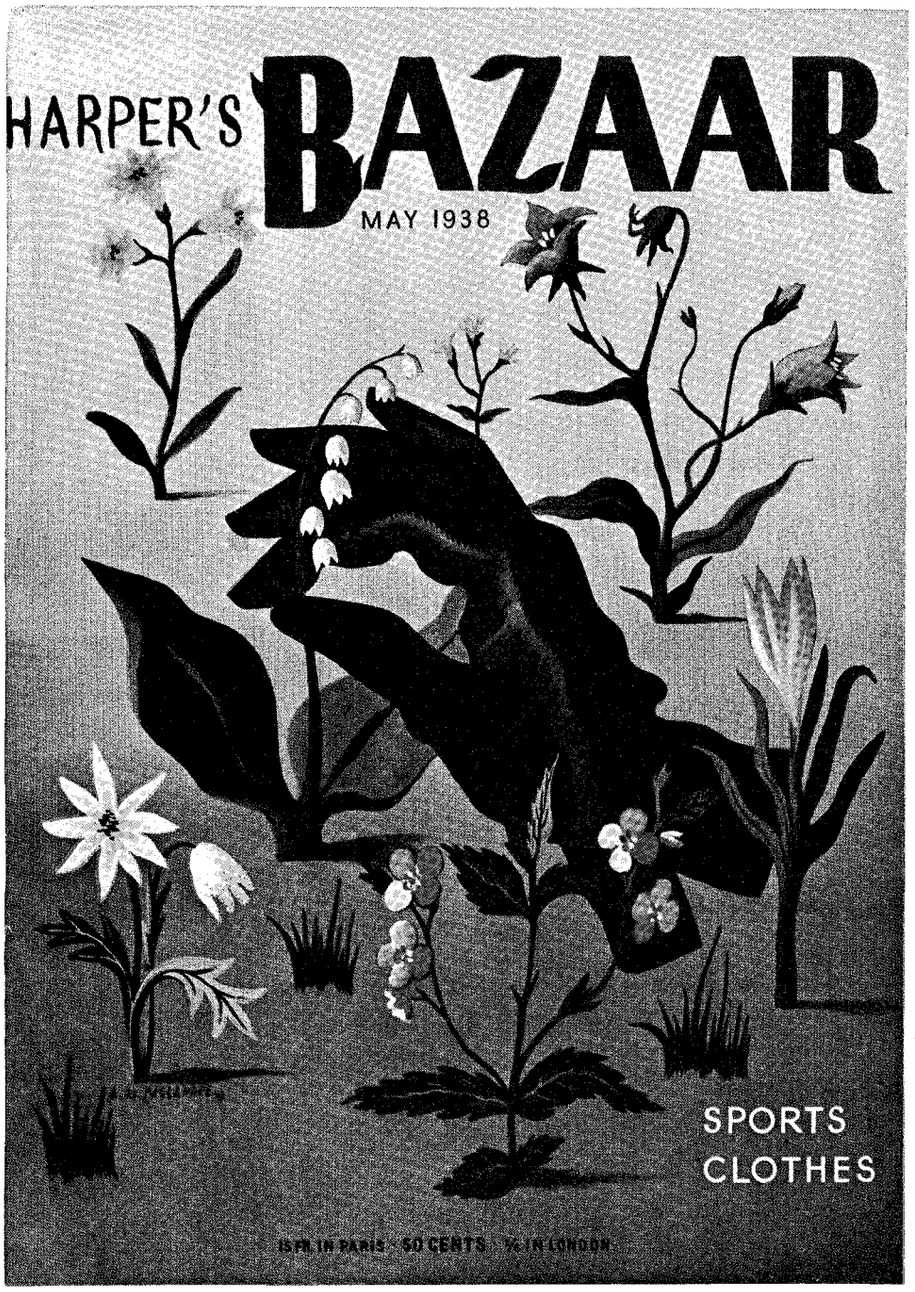

appeal is to people of wealth and to persons who wish they were people of wealth, with country homes, horses, dogs, and yachts. *Country Life* states with the most force, perhaps, the purpose of the three class magazines which are not merely fashion portfolios. It is "to portray with dignity, charm and seriousness the real life of the American landed gentry." But apparently the landed patricians in the United States are greatly outnumbered by the ladies thirsting for information about hats, dresses, and shoes. *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* have 395,000 readers (*Vogue* slightly in the lead) while the three others have a total of but 109,122.

A typical number of *Vogue* will contain:

Fashion predictions, lavishly illustrated, here and there, with great solid masses of red and green.

An article titled "Get into Gray" or "Be Blue."

More photographs, illustrating an article beginning something like: "The spring's spotlight has shone tenderly on the astonishing talents of these astonishing people."

A four-color photograph (of a ballet, probably) by Anton Bruehl.

Advice on cosmetics—pages of it.

Reports from Paris—all about ensembles, evening flowers magnified three times, a beret made of grape-purple felt, and a bolero blouse of Yangtze-yellow foulard.

Interiors of a smart house.

Photographs of Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Katherine Hepburn.

Interior of a smart garage.

Harper's Bazaar differs, mainly, in offering a wider appeal. Some good fiction is published and additional emphasis is placed on Society (particularly the titled members) and the theater. In general, it is a more youthful magazine with a little more sex in text and illustrations.

Town and Country begins with a detailed "Social Calendar" which lists engagements and marriages. This is followed by "Social and Travel Notes" (the antics of the smart set in various parts of the world), feature articles about horses, head waiters, or columnists are often published, and a travel piece or two. *Town and Country* is fairly catholic in its editorial policy. Its variety is greater than in the case of the other magazines. It has a more specific appeal to women. In contrast, *The Spur* is very, very masculine. Its pages are littered with photographs of expensive ladies and gentlemen in riding clothes, articles on polo, tennis, golf, and yachting. *Country Life* is the swankiest of the three—mainly because its dissertations on sport and rural life are the most technical. You really believe that its readers have baronial estates and thoroughbreds.

II

In December, 1892, a new little magazine called *Vogue* bowed to a limited group of New York's socially elect. It was financed by such leaders as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Percy R. Pyne, and William Jay. It was to be devoted to society, fashion, and sport, and was to be published weekly. The first issue (dated December 17) was not impressive. Featured were a number of laborious jokes of which the following was typical:

A Rebuff

CHOLLY: I should like to have lived in the olden days and been your page.

SHE: Thank you—but a blank page is so dull.

Vogue limped along for seventeen years. In 1909 its advertising revenue was about $100,000 a year and it was probably running a slight deficit. It was a "class" magazine (although the term had not yet been invented) in the days when a young advertising man, Condé Nast, was making a name for himself in the mass field. He became advertising manager of *Collier's Weekly* in 1900 and business manager five years later. Nast's specialty then was promotion, and he was an acknowledged master in it. In 1905 Nast was thirty-one. He had a salary which

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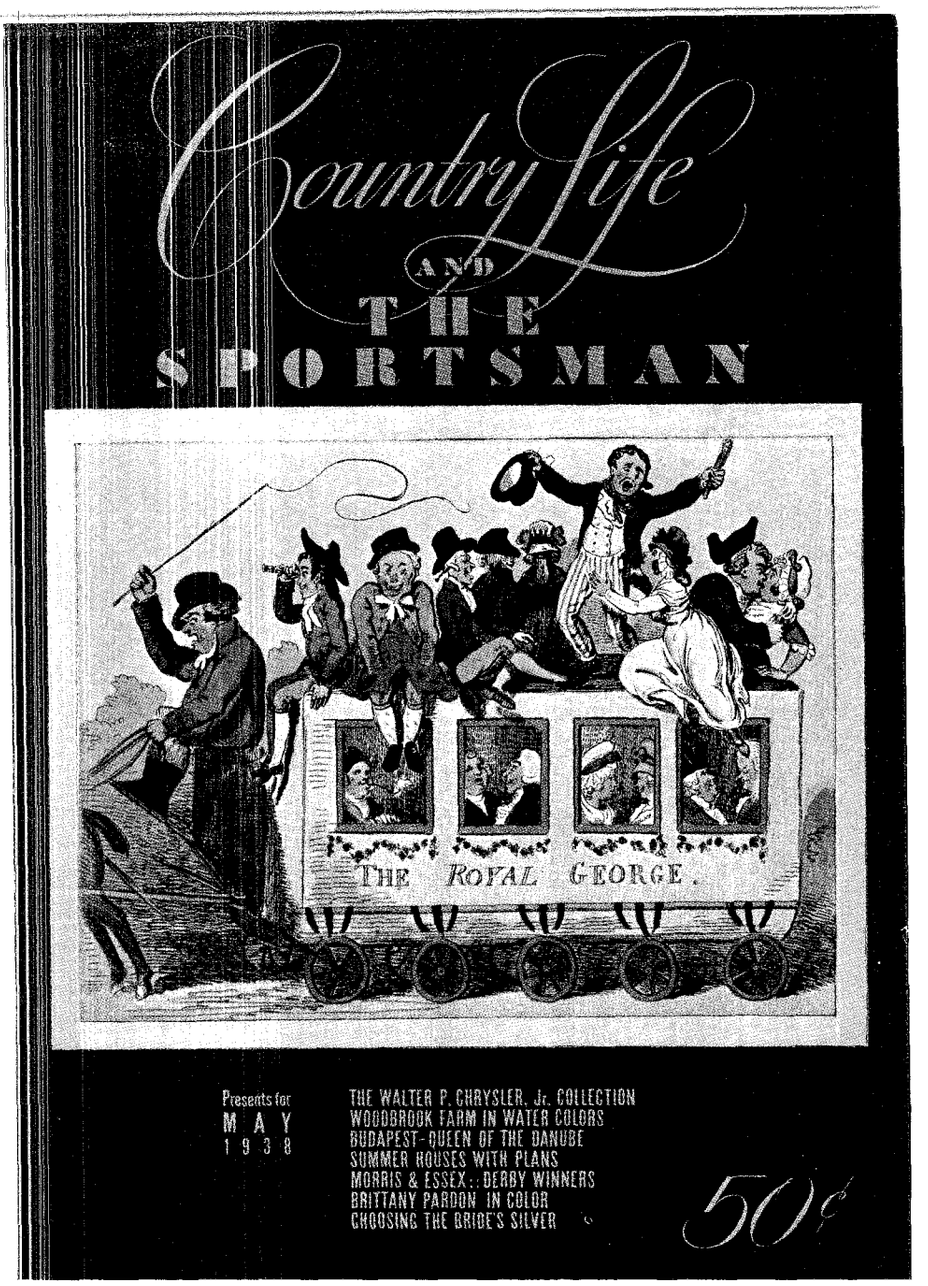

rumors put at $25,000 a year and he had other irons in the fire, too; among them was a pattern company which he had organized the previous year.

Advertising was relatively crude in those dark ages. It was far from the blend of science and art that it is today. Among Condé Nast's innumerable ideas on the subject was the notion that there was a lot of waste to existing media. He decided that it would be smart to have a magazine in which high-class shops and manufacturers could offer their wares chiefly to the people with enough money to buy them. So he cast about and finally decided on *Vogue,* which, by 1909, had branched out from society and whist to reports on feminine fashions. The owners were a little weary of it and were glad to sell, for stock, not cash, to the young man from *Collier's.*

Vogue, selling for ten cents, was pretty dull. Its art was as bad as the stock on which it was printed. It had articles on New York society, written in a haughty vein, and occasionally an editorial attacking such moral evils as the increasing divorce rate. But *Vogue* gave well-informed reports on fashion, for men as well as women. Retail merchants in New York considered it a good medium, and most of the big stores advertised.

Young Nast was patient about making changes. For two years he did very little. He has since insisted, in fact, that the *Vogue* of today is basically the same as the magazine of 1909. "Our proportion of fashion to society material hasn't changed very much," he has told friends. "What I did, if anything, was to get better artists and better writers."

In Nast's hands, success was a foregone conclusion. Someday America's social historians may turn to the January 8, 1910, issue of the magazine and discover an advertisement inserted by a Dr. Jeanne Walter, manufacturer of reducing garments, who is still a client. They may note, too, a product called "Fatoff," which was described as "The Easiest Way to Keep Your Shape." In any case, *Vogue* was certain to make money because it was being published as the women of the United States began to dedicate themselves and their purses to self-beautification. Until 1910 or thereabouts beauty had been exclusively for the young. Dr. Walter and her competitors now told them they could be slim after thirty. Before very long the cosmetics manufacturers would be convincing them that powder and rouge were not exclusively for the fancy ladies. And during the next quarter of a century, fabulous sums would be spent by America's women for beauty in all its phases. Nast prospered enormously from this universal demand for loveliness; *Vogue* was an ideal medium for the people who had, or claimed to have, beauty to sell. By 1929, on the eve of the crash which he considered impossible and in which he very nearly lost everything, Nast is reliably reported to have been worth, on paper, $16,000,000.

In 1909, when Nast assumed the ownership of *Vogue,* an industrious and intelligent young woman named Edna Woolman Chase was a subordinate editor. She has married again and is now Mrs. Newton in private life. But she is still Mrs. Chase professionally, editor-in-chief of *Vogue's* three editions—the American, the French, and the British—an extremely smart and clever lady who boldly lists 1877 in *Who's Who* as the date of her birth. Beyond doubt, she is the most eminent fashion authority in the United States. Her arrival at some couturière's showing of new dresses, whether in New York or Paris, is a moment of vast importance. She is invariably accompanied by at least two aides, usually Emmy Ives and Martha Stout of her fashion staff. And during the entire showing no words, save of praise, come from her lips. "Charming," she will murmur in that slightly throaty, very expensive voice which all the lady editors of *Vogue* somehow acquire. "Delightful," "quaint," "lovely" are other favorite expressions. All this is faintly annoying,

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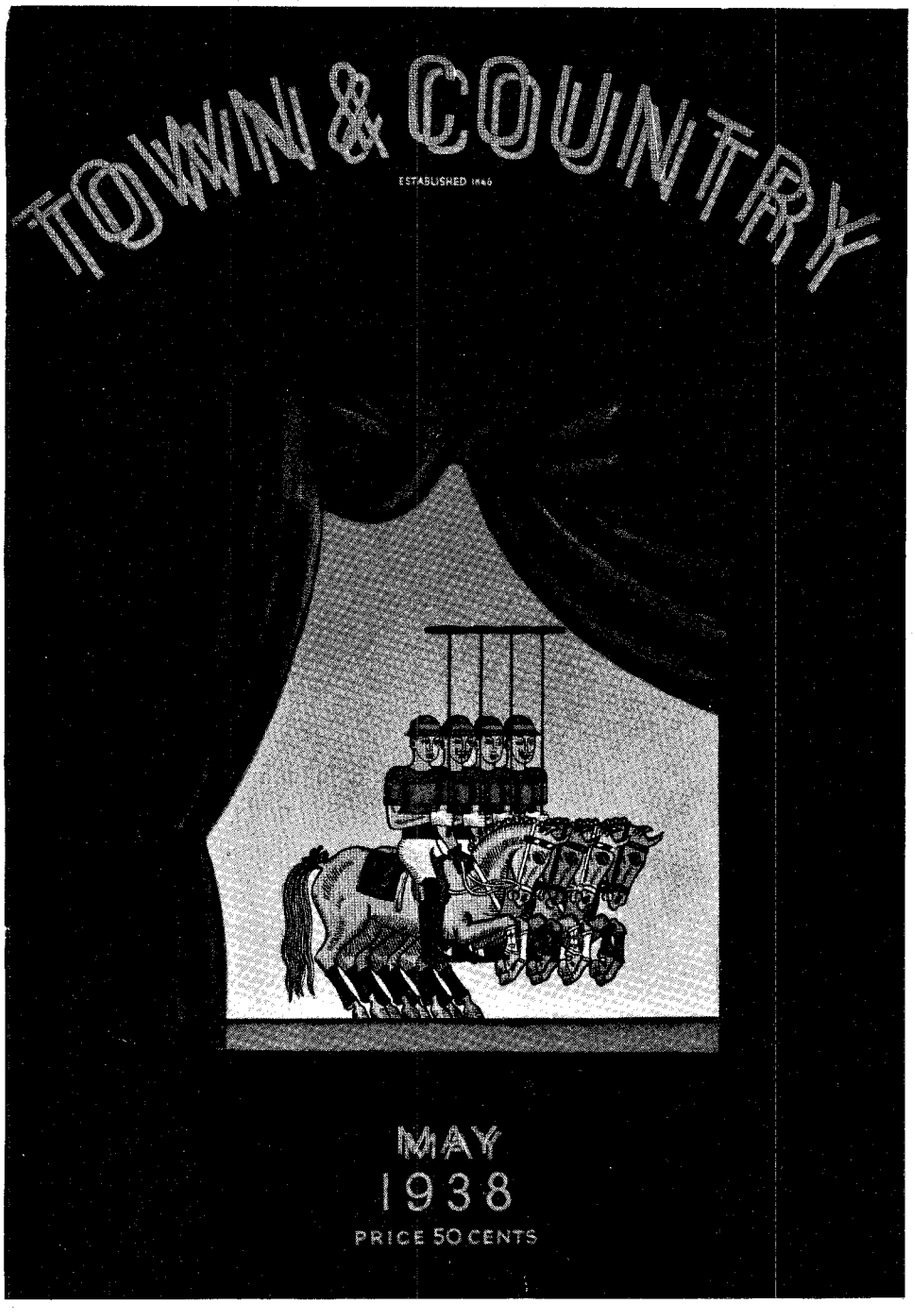

sometimes, to the dressmakers who wish that Mrs. Chase would occasionally indicate whether a particular little number is likely to sell. "She always gets information out of me instead of telling me anything," once protested Hattie Carnegie of New York.

III

WELL, who reads *Vogue?* What type of subscriber buys *Harper's Bazaar?* The five extremely slick magazines have, in all, roughly half a million readers, but no generalization about them is really accurate. I suppose it is true that these readers are relatively prosperous, for the books sell at from thirty-five to fifty cents and regularly carry the advertising of Cadillac, Packard, Lincoln, and the big Chrysler and other de luxe cars. The people who buy *Town and Country, Country Life,* and *The Spur* have at least a yearning for manor life. They may not ride with the hounds or shoot, but they would like to do so. A definite taint of chi-chi is prevalent in the pages of these three magazines and it reached a high point in a recent issue of *The Spur.* Therein, with sublime gravity, it is set forth that "the proper wardrobe for a well-dressed man" should cost $7500—and this without such plebeian accessories as underwear, shoes, or hose. Even the wealthiest *Spur* subscriber must hold his breath as he surveys the wonders and extent of this costly wardrobe. As described by "a master American tailor," who is not identified, the layout includes: twelve business suits, two full-dress suits, three dinner suits, twelve white waistcoats, six dinner waistcoats, one black sack suit and waistcoat, four pairs of striped trousers, two golf suits, four odd sporting coats, ten pairs of flannel trousers, two riding suits, four pairs of odd breeches, one brocade silk house coat. In addition, for spring, winter, and fall, this fabulous Beau Brummell needs ten overcoats.

"At first glance," remarked *The Spur,* "the number of items may seem to reach an imperially extravagant total; but the authority who established it supports it with very sound reasons. . . ."

The class magazines frequently flatter their readers with the implication that all of them are persons of affluence. For instance, *Harper's Bazaar* recently inquired, "Why don't you consider building on the roof of your country home an outdoor room or terrace and go up there at night as you would in Tunis to enjoy the night breezes?" And "Dressing on $1000 a Year" was the mildly helpful message offered by Margaret Case Harrimann in *Vogue* last fall.

It is possible to be somewhat more specific in identifying the readers of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar.* The magazines are widely read, for example, by what the clothing-fashion people call "the trade." "The trade" consists of the innumerable manufacturers, wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers who produce or sell dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, underwear, corsets, and all the other articles with which women clothe themselves. "The trade" reads *Vogue* and advertises in it because Condé Nast has built, through the years, a very remarkable following among the department-store buyers of this country. It is a safe assumption that nine out of ten buyers in the United States read the magazine. At Macy's in New York, for example, one hundred copies are bought every month.

Let us picture an imaginary scene in the garment district of New York. Moe and Alec, senior partners of a dress house, are conferring. A model wearing a smart, new silk dress has been undulating before the partners. But they have not been interested in her allure. Their eyes have been on the dress alone.

"Very well, Miss Fontaine," Moe remarks at last. "You can go now."

So she switches her hips out of the room. "It's okay," Moe then remarks. "A good number. It's sure to go over big if we play it right. We'll start off with a page in *Vogue* —full color."

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Alec looks a little shocked. He can't see paying out $2900 for just a little more than 200,000 circulation.

But Moe insists that the $2900 will be very well invested. The name of their firm, he points out, need not be mentioned in the advertisement. Arrangements will be made so that a smart Fifth Avenue shop will appear as the sponsor of the dress. Other shops in such key cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Dallas, and Los Angeles will then stock it. Reprints of the advertisement will be sent to every dress buyer by the Condé Nast Company. It is even possible that *Vogue* will make editorial mention of the new dress. It will, perhaps, be described in the "retail trade" edition of the magazine which goes out four or five days ahead of the regular issue.

No taint of venality is attached to the policy of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* in giving their advertisers editorial recognition. It is an established custom, and there is nothing secret about it. The shoe manufacturer knows that his shoes will be mentioned, from time to time, in shoe layouts. So do the corset and the stocking manufacturer, etc. "*Vogue* puts goods on his shelves," explained one agency executive. "Then we recommend *The New Yorker* or the daily newspaper to get them off."

The fabric manufacturers, a very lucrative source of revenue for both publications, advertise to still another group—the town and city dressmakers. It is important for a woolen concern to have these able seamstresses familiar with the goods they sell; large numbers of American women do not live near smart shops or are still prejudiced against ready-to-wear clothes. The recommendation of "the little jewel" who sews for them counts a lot. But the dressmakers read *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* for the advertisements almost as much as for the fashion guidance. "Woolens are smart this year," one of them may hint to a client in Kansas City. "Epicure Woolens come in splendid variety and quality," she may add, recalling the announcement, in the current issue, of Epicure Woolens, Inc. But the facts show that by no means all the advertising in the fashion books is aimed at dressmakers and dealers. For instance, of the 1808 pages carried by *Vogue* last year sixteen per cent were accessories (corsets, hosiery, etc.), fifteen per cent toilet goods, thirteen per cent ready-to-wear, and eight per cent fabrics. But retail stores took thirteen per cent; travel and automotive, ten; home equipment, eight; and miscellaneous (including food, tobacco, beverages, and classified), twenty-five per cent.

While *Vogue* and the *Bazaar* have larger circulation, *Town and Country, Country Life,* and *The Spur* are more directly consumer magazines. The classifications of advertising in their pages do not vary greatly. Travel is a staple. So are the announcements of kennels, horse breeders, liquor manufacturers, and real-estate brokers handling country properties.

The "class market" is well worth the attention of the advertisers if the rates maintained by these magazines mean anything. *Harper's Bazaar,* with 190,000 circulation, gets the most; its basic charge for a page is $1900. *Vogue,* with 205,000, gets $1880. *Town and Country,* with 36,000, has a basic rate of $650. *Country Life & The Sportsman* has a circulation of 45,000 which sells for $550 a page—low because the merger took place only last fall and it is still impossible to say how many readers of both magazines will be retained. *The Spur,* with 27,000 circulation, receives $500 a page. These figures, of course, are for single insertions in the "general advertising" classification and they are, without exception, fairly high rates when the circulation averages are considered. *Good Housekeeping,* with 2,210,835 circulation, has a base rate of $6300 a page. The *Ladies' Home Journal,* with 2,981,000, gets $8500. If *Good Housekeeping* were paid in proportion to *Harper's Bazaar,* reader for reader, it would charge about $20,000 a page. (*continued on page* 49)

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Mountain Lookout

JOHN CLARK HUNT

WHILE the logs of lighthouse keepers have frequently been turned into novels and plays, little attention has been given to the men watching our forests. Here is the log of a mountain lookout in the Sierra Nevadas. Twenty-four hours a day he lives a solitary life in a house of many windows, high on a steel tower perched on the summit of Sunrise Mountain.—THE EDITORS

June 1:—I arrived at the station at 1:45 P.M., which was a little later than I thought I would be, but my old car was staggering under a heavy load and I was forced to stop and repair the road in three places where it had been washed by the melted snow. I carried my bedroll, groceries, and other paraphernalia up the tower and took a look around the country. There is still snow in some places on the north slopes. But the old mountains look good to me. I took down the shutters, then swept out the room. It seems larger than last year, but it's still 12 by 16 feet. Had to repair the ground wires before I could hook up the phone. Then I called Elk Ridge Ranger Station. Talked to Bill Gray—the best fire fighter in this forest.

June 10:—10:10 A.M. Discovered a fire in the village north of the sawmill. It's several miles by air line, but when I put the binoculars on the smoke I could tell that it was the Chic Sale at the Brown place.

June 14:—8:37 A.M. Called the Ranger Station. Bill Gray said that an Inspector from the Regional Office would probably be up to see me today on his official tour. It was a tip for me to be ready. I washed my windows again, scrubbed the floor, and cooked a big stew, thinking maybe he'd stay to dinner. While I waited I picked up and reported, at 3:26 P.M., a fire to the south, before their lookouts had discovered it. A feather in my cap.

The Inspector arrived at 3:39 P.M. Very stiff and formal in his pressed uniform and shiny puttees. He was also puffing very loudly after he had climbed the winding stairs to the top of the tower. I showed him my reports. He didn't seem to think they were either right or wrong. Then he tested my phone. He asked me to point out landmarks. He inspected the room while No-poleon watched him suspiciously. I think he was about ready to say that I was keeping the room according to regulations when he pointed into a corner near the ceiling.

"What is that?" he said. "A spider web?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I do believe it is a spider web."

Then he told me, "It's the little things that must be watched. You will sweep the ceiling, of course?"

As he left he said, "Your station seems to be better kept than average." But I knew it hurt him to say it.

After he had gone I got the broom and started to sweep down the spider web, but the little brown spider was busily working up and down. So I thought to myself: this little feller had the ambition to climb sixty feet and is attending to his own business, and after all it's No-poleon and I who live with him. I put the broom away and No-poleon and I ate all the stew.

July 2:—After dinner I noticed a peculiar light on the Cedar Ridge Road, changing directions and flashing on and off. I called Elk Ridge at 8:40 P.M. Bill said he would go have a look-see. Later he called me and said, "Well, Charlie, that *was* a peculiar light all right. And there are two men in jail now because of that light. They were spot-lighting deer. I caught 'em right in the act. Just after they had killed a young doe."

July 28:—I had a call from Bill Gray at 9:30 A.M. He said that two convicts had escaped from the road camp on Kirk River and were at large in the forest and that they weren't exactly nice fellows. I laughed and told Bill that if they came around I would capture them for the State just to keep Sunrise Mountain exclusive.

But late this afternoon, while I was building a fire and setting my dinner to cook, I noticed two young men about four hundred yards down the trail. They were ap-

DRAWINGS, BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

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proaching the lookout slowly. Then suddenly they ducked into the timber. By using the binoculars I could locate them in the shadows, watching the station. I waited until they finally came back to the trail and started toward the station, then called Bill Gray. I said, "Bill, they are within a hundred yards of the station and if they are the wanted men, I won't have a chance to call again, so if you don't hear from me in fifteen minutes, you call the sheriff or get help and come after these hombres. I'll try to hold them."

Bill said, "All right, I'll be on the job."

By this time No-poleon was barking, but I took time to get my old six gun and slip it inside my shirt. Then I went out on the catwalk and called "Hello." They called back, and the tall one said, "We were just looking around. You must have a good view from up there."

"I have," I told him. "Come on up and look around."

They came up the stairs, the tall one first, and I watched them as they came. They weren't dressed in striped suits with numbers on their backs, of course, but after the first look I was glad that I had called Bill Gray. They said they were prospectors and had left their outfit down the Mountain. I told them that I was just starting dinner and asked if they would stay. They looked at each other, then said, sure, they'd be glad to. Well, I went ahead with the cooking while they watched me and I watched them, but it was rather a pleasant meal, for the tall man was a good talker and they were certainly hungry.

Then just as it began to get dark, Bill Gray's car came quietly to the base of the tower and Bill and Bud Joyce came up the stairs. My visitors jumped to their feet and asked me suspiciously who was coming. "Oh, that's a fellow bringing me some water."

Bill and Bud came in and talked as though it was a friendly visit, but I noticed that Bill was looking the men over, and finally he said quietly, "I called the road camp on Kirk River and got the descriptions of the escaped men. You fellows answer in every detail, so we might as well go see the sheriff." And I suddenly noticed that both he and Bud had six guns in their hands. So they all left quietly, and I felt greatly relieved and a little flat when they were gone.

July 29:—Had a call from Bill Gray saying that I rated the front page of the newspaper in a story that told how a lookout had outsmarted hardened criminals.

August 15:—A friend of mine called and said he was coming up, so I had him bring me a supply of groceries. He also brought a bundle of papers and magazines.

September 7:—Early this afternoon I noticed a black cloud, but it was miles from this station and looked innocent enough. I went on reading. The next thing I knew I was sitting in the middle of the floor, very dizzy, and wondering what had happened, and No-poleon was running round and round as though the devil were after him. When I could finally get to my feet, I cornered him and found that a portion of his tail was badly burned. I bandaged it and then I noticed that my boot soles were about burned off. The answer was simply that lightning had played a little too rough with the Sunrise Lookout Station.

September 10:—I noticed a little gray haze hanging in Pigtail Ravine early this morning, but when I put the glasses on it there didn't seem to be anything except shadow, although at 9:11, when the sun had a chance to shine in the Ravine, there was plenty of smoke. I didn't lose any time in calling Bill.

"Damn," he said, "that's right in the old slashing where it was logged off ten years ago and the reproduction just above Pigtail is thick. The humidity is fourteen."

"Yes, and the wind is coming up from the west."

The wind got a little stronger. The smoke rolled up the Ravine. Suddenly over the eight or nine miles' distance I could see the flames. Then a wave of black smoke, and I knew the fire had reached the reproduction. Bill was going to need help. I phoned Ranger Bert Meggs.

The wind kept blowing and the fire running. The black smoke boiled high into the air, then flattened out at the top. One of the runs carried the fire into a saddle, but it didn't spread around the mountain, and I knew that Bill was fighting that flank. But the point of the fire had crowded the tops of big timber. It was a spectacular thing. All day the fire charged steadily up the slope, and when night came on, the long narrow V was a flaming, horrible beauty on the dark mountainside.

With the night glasses I measured the distance burned and estimated that eight hundred acres had been covered. Called Casey and told him. He said that two hundred men had gone on night shift.

September 11:—It's so smoky that I can't see the fire this morning. The sun is a red blur in a blanket of dull smoke. Casey says the fire is under control and the patrols are established along the fire lines.

September 16:—Deer season opened today. I heard a bombardment of rifle shots a little after sunrise. I hope the hunters missed every shot. I don't like to think of the deer being killed; they are the only neighbors I have.

October 10:—Cut my hair today, twisting my neck into many painful positions and using a pair of scissors as big as sheep shears.

November 2:—It rained last night. Then this morning a cold wind blew in another cloud and it started to snow. Big wet flakes, at first, that fell in slow, dignified rhythm, but after about an hour the snow came fast and began to pile up. The fir trees soon looked as though they were trimmed for Christmas. I called the Ranger Station and the Ranger said to pack up and get off the Mountain while the getting was good. Anyway it's been a good season. I reported thirty-six fires (twenty caused by careless smokers) and had seventeen visitors, including two escaped convicts and one Inspector.

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Murder Is a Fact

A MYSTERY SERIAL BY KURT STEEL

The Long Island murder of Philip Norton, young and puissant co-publisher of *Fact,* whose five million circulation makes it the most powerful magazine in America, brings into the public eye at the inquest five people. These are Hugh Flint, Norton's partner, brilliant, ambitious, pseudo-liberal founder of *Fact;* Julia, Norton's youthful, dissatisfied wife who is in love with Flint; Grey, Flint's chauffeur; Baird Henderson, whom Flint has made *Fact's* editor after Norton's death; and Lynch Rains, aggressive labor leader who had denounced *Fact* in a radio speech and who was known to be with Norton on the evening of the murder.

During the inquest Julia Norton describes an intruder she had driven off the Norton estate, and young Clark Malory, collegian apprentice-writer for *Fact,* recognizes this to be George Danisher, cosmetics manufacturer, whose product *Fact* has just exposed as poisonous. The call goes out for Danisher, but he is nowhere to be found.

Shortly after the murder, Flint asks Rains to stop an incipient strike as a favor to *Fact,* and is infuriated by Rains' refusal. *Fact* immediately publishes an inflammatory editorial denouncing an unnamed "Democratyrant" for Norton's murder, and a wave of sentiment rises against the labor leader.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Only Flint's burning eyes marked the wrath which Monica's words had whipped high

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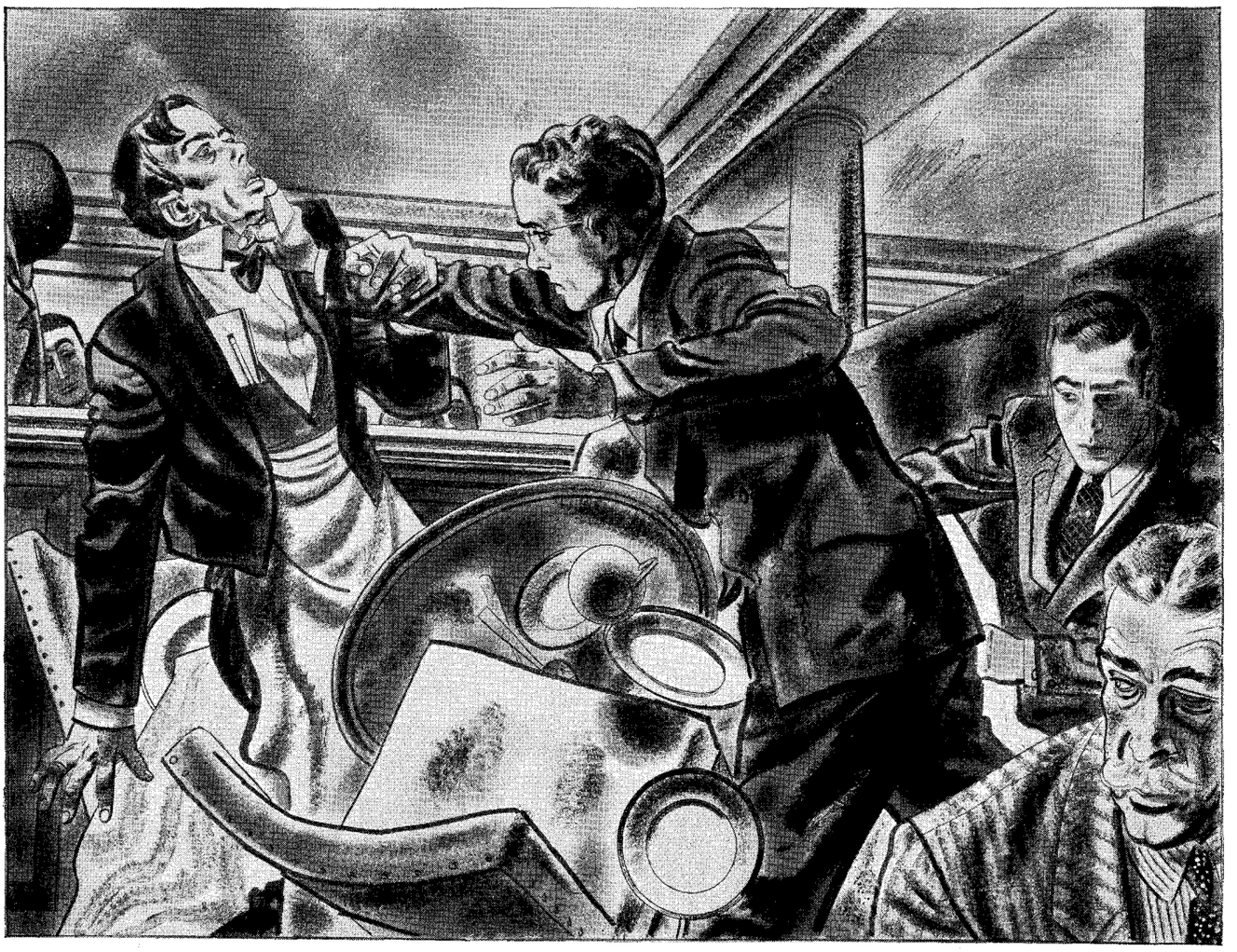

Before Henderson could leap up and stop him, he had plunged across the table

This is bitterly resented by Monica Leeds, nationally famed woman columnist, with whom Henderson is in love. Flint has been trying to persuade Monica to join the *Fact* staff. This editorial, however, infuriates her and she denounces Flint.

One month after the inquest, Lynch Rains is indicted for the murder of Philip Norton. Coming out of the courthouse, Rains sees Flint and Henderson. He approaches them, says, "You've got your holy war, haven't you, Flint?" and walks away. . . .

XVII

Flint started the motor. They hurtled forward. Then as the flush ebbed from his narrow face, and his hands on the wheel slowly relaxed their tension, he moved his shoulders and settled back into the corner of the leather-cushioned seat, as if the turbulence in him flowed out now into the encompassing, effortless rhythm of the droning engine.

His mouth twitched. "Iscariot!"

Henderson, puzzled, asked, "Iscariot?"

Flint drew a breath. "A *worse,* Baird." His tone, like his attitude, was drained of passion, rational. "Judas betrayed only one man. Rains—men like him—he the most dangerous—is doing his best to betray millions."

"How betray?"

"Planting hatreds where no hatreds are."

"But where the soil is ripe for hatreds?"

Flint looked aside at Henderson. In his narrow face lay repose. His eyes were cool; their expression as he caught Henderson's glance was reproachful.

The September evening was lowering and chill. Rain hung in the dragging, dirty clouds. Flint shivered suddenly and raised the window at his shoulder, reaching forward to the heater switch.

A traffic light stopped them at a deserted corner. The wind whipped a sudden spray of rain against the windshield. Flint's hands grew restless on the wheel; he raced the motor impatiently. He did not speak until they were moving again.

"Very few plain men want wealth. That is where men of wealth are misled by an illusion. What do most plain men want? What does the man with the dinner pail want? Strikes? Conflict?" Flint shook his head. "He wants security, Baird. If necessary, he is willing to fight to wrest that from the small minority of selfish men among the

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owners of industry. But Rains is not content to right *actual* abuses. Momentum, ambition for power, carries him on. And it carries after him all those who, because they are bewildered, listen to him in their bewilderment."

"Bewilderment can spring from empty bellies."

"Then the bellies must be filled, Baird."

"Splendid," Henderson said. His tone was caustic. "Suppose we devote the magnificent resources of Fact, Incorporated, to that end."

The other looked at him. Like all passionately self-centered men, Henderson reflected, Flint was slow to kindle to sarcasm. This gave him a sense of strength as when, facing an encounter with an opponent whose skill he knows well enough not to underrate, a man feels a new weapon surreptitiously slipped into his hand.

"When we've finished with Rains," Flint said, "perhaps we will."

XVIII

THERE was a peculiar intensity to the excitement inspired by Rains' indictment. In a land where news is an ornamented commodity, some amount of fanfare is certain to accompany criminal proceedings against any man much in the public eye, but the case of the State vs. Lynch Rains produced something more.

Henderson was conscious of this as he read headlines in metropolitan papers, as his sardonic eye skimmed hinterland editorials whose writers snowed clippings on *Fact* in ever increasing volume, as he listened to conversations in which, more and more reluctantly, he was led to participate.

Periodically he was reminded of Rains' bitter comment: "You've got your holy war, haven't you, Flint?" At first this was merely an annoyance, but as incidents capable of snapping the phrase back into his mind occurred with greater frequence, he found himself beginning to respond angrily, trying to blur the scene in his memory and succeeding only in refreshing it to the point of photographic clarity.

He recalled the violent undertow of hatred which had dragged at Flint's words as they drove away from the courthouse together, and he was sensible that the unreason of that hatred was spreading, widening, becoming, as the days passed and then weeks, a strong tide sweeping Rains inexorably toward a fate already taken for granted by hordes of *Fact* readers. Their letters flooded mail pouches and sorting tables, a thin stream of protest lost in the loud sure clamor of approval of *Fact's* campaign for the conviction of a man accused of murdering an editor who had been a name and was now a symbol.

"*Fact's* campaign!" Henderson burst out to Monica one night. "*Fact's* campaign! Great God, there hasn't been a colored line on Rains for four weeks."

"Flint's editorial——"

"That was two months ago. Flint's been out of the country since the tenth."

When she did not speak, Henderson's irritation sharpened. "*Fact's* campaign!" he repeated savagely. "*Fact's* fearless stand . . . *Fact's* uncompromising war on terrorism . . . *Fact's* unflinching defense of all that Democracy holds dear . . ."

"Sterling phrases."

Henderson grunted. "Two thousand letters this week—every one hurling Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* at me."

She was silent again. They were riding up Fifth Avenue toward the theater district. Their cab had been halted by a red light at Forty-first Street, and the hush which surrounded them in the all but empty Avenue seemed a projection of Monica's own silence. Henderson, looking up at the dimly lighted portico of the Library, resented the silence.

Monica asked, "Why did Flint go abroad?"

"Business," shortly.

"Oh."

He looked at her. "Why do you have to be so difficult, dear?" he complained. "I'm tired, Monica. I'm hellishly tired. Can't I get away from it—even with you?" He took her hand.

She asked quietly, "Can you?"

They were on the point of turning west into Forty-third Street when Henderson leaned forward suddenly and said to the driver, "Go on to the Park." He sat back and said grimly, "I don't feel like the season's smash comedy."

"I want to ask you something, Baird," Monica said after a time.

"Yes?"

"What do you know about Julia Norton?"

"I think I told you once."

She said slowly, "Julia was involved with two men on the night of the murder, do you remember?"

"A third she put to bed with a migraine headache."

Monica threw a quick glance at him, was on the point of saying something, checked herself, and after a moment went on, "I've found out something about Flint's chauffeur, Grey."

"What?"

"He used to work for one of the men Hugh Flint visited in England about a year ago. This gentleman's wife seems to have been a frail vessel and Grey— Anyway, Hugh Flint took a liking to him. A passport and an immigration permit were fixed up for him, and Flint brought him back to the States last April."

"You've gone to a lot of trouble."

"It wasn't hard. I began thinking after it occurred to us that whoever was on that side of the house should have seen Norton's car stop in the lane. I began with the immigration records. A lad I know on the Manchester *Guardian* did the rest."

"Interesting as biography. The relevance escapes me."

He saw a twitch of annoyance at the corner of her lips.

She said quietly, "Grey was having an affair with Julia Norton when her husband was killed."

"What newspaperman found that out for you, darling?"

"It was chiefly intuition. You needn't look too closely at that female chassis," swift scorn in her words, "to conclude she wouldn't spend her (*continued on page* 42)

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The Great Speedup

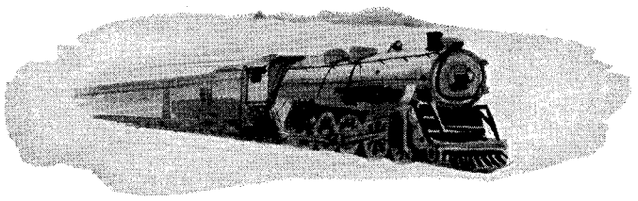
GILBERT H. BURCK

A group of Chicago businessmen travel nearly 2500 miles for a day and a half of fishing. They leave their desks late Friday, cover the thousand-odd miles to Denver on an overnight streamliner, spend Saturday and Sunday in Colorado's mountain streams, and are back in their offices Monday morning. Five years ago the train trip alone would have demanded their entire week end.

Another Chicagoan, young, ambitious, and not particularly affluent, has a girl in Minneapolis. He works until Saturday noon, catches the Hiawatha at one o'clock and is knocking at her door by 8:15. Five years ago he would have had to spend all Saturday night in a sleeper.

Hundreds of people, rich and poor, glide between Chicago and the Pacific Coast each week with the loss of only one business day. Four years ago they would have had to let two days slip by without doing any business.

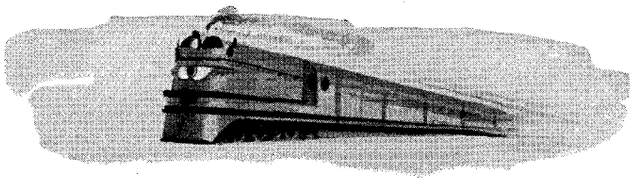
All this is the result of the most drastic, revolutionary speed-up in the history of the world's railroads. Not since



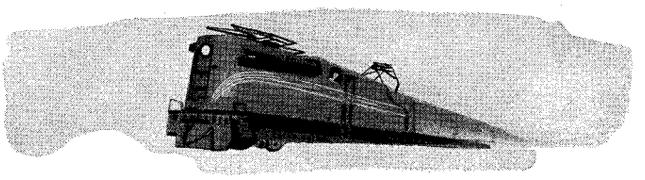
"Orange Blossom Special"—Seaboard Air Line

the transcontinental lines were pushed across the plains has railroading witnessed a phenomenon the equal of this. And while rotogravures have featured one streamliner after another, little attention has been given to the speed-up as a whole. Late in April, the baseball world was treated to the spectacle of a young man sitting by a radio in San Francisco and suddenly deciding to sign with the Yankees for $25,000 rather than continue a futile hold-out for $40,000. Joe DiMaggio took a train and was in New York after only 56 hours in the Pullmans. A few writers noted DiMaggio's refusal to take a plane, but apparently no one noted this: that back in 1930 those 56 hours would have brought him no farther than Chicago.

The railroad speed-up is the more extraordinary because it was effected by an industry which never had been regarded as dramatically progressive. It was as if somebody had stuck a hatpin into a sleeping giant. He has now been awake four years, and the speed-up is going on at a swifter rate than when it began. Schedules all over the land are being trimmed so frequently that they are often out of date before embalmed in print. In 1930



"Hiawatha"—The Milwaukee Road

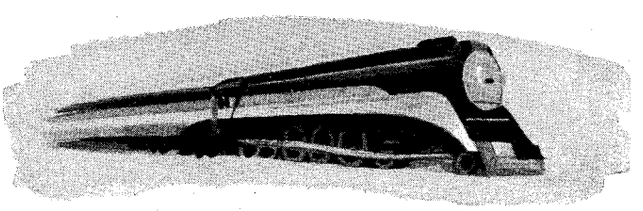


"Broadway Limited"—Pennsylvania

the total daily mileage run off by American passenger trains at a mile a minute (or more) was 1100; today it exceeds 45,000, and is being increased every month.

What's the reason for this acceleration coming at what is financially the most inauspicious time in railroad history? The answer lies in certain peculiarities of the railroad passenger business. For a hundred years it has been a gold mine, rich, encrusted with lovely nuggets, but never producing much more than enough to pay for operations. The problem has simply been to hit upon a correct technique for extracting it.

Look at the average passenger train: accommodating from 75 to 500 people, the operating cost from sixty cents to two dollars a mile, including its share of vice-presidents, press agents, and fixed charges. Let a train of 300 capacity



"Daylight"—Southern Pacific

charge only two cents a mile a person; let it be fitted with chromium spittoons, mechanical canaries, and hostesses six feet tall; let it run only half-full, and it still can clear a dollar a mile; $60 an hour, $500 a day, $180,000 a year. Let it run close to capacity, and it can clear five or six times as much. Few legitimate enterprises have been able to envisage returns so tantalizingly plausible.

But even during the Golden Twenties, when anybody could peddle almost anything, the railroad passenger business was running a slight fever. And when the general

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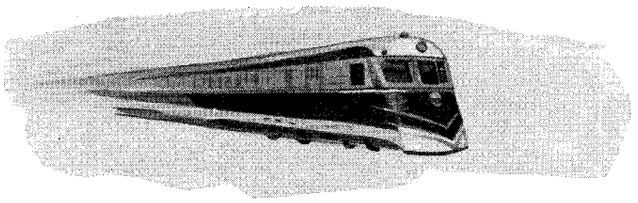
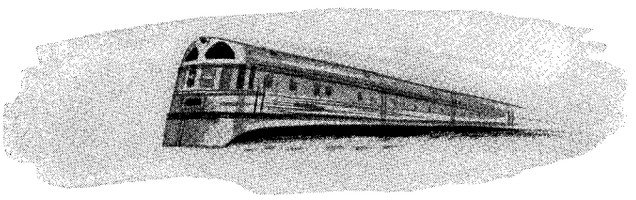


"Egyptian Zipper"—Chicago & Eastern Illinois

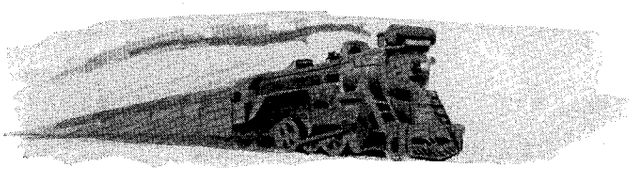
bonanza collapsed in 1929, it grew sick unto death. Twenty million private automobiles were providing greater convenience at what their owners thought was a cheaper price. Undersold by thousands of busses and outsped by hundreds of planes, the railroads were getting a smaller and smaller percentage of the nation's passenger miles. And yet many saw that the very forces which had put them on the spot were making the people of America travel-conscious and even travel-crazy. With the right equipment, they figured, they might not only recapture the old customers, but fetch a lot of new ones. A railroad train, after all, is the only known device which can haul hundreds of people cheaply (more cheaply per passenger than any auto, bus, or plane) in roomy air-



"Denver Zephyr"—Burlington Route

conditioned comfort, at a hundred miles an hour. Surely, they thought, there is a way of converting these very palpable advantages into profits. And the way was obvious: simply run the kind of trains that offer them all.

Assuming an attractive price, the greatest of these attributes was speed. An opulent set of cork-and-rubber-padded cars, no matter if built to look like a space ship and fitted with whistles playing *The Stars and Stripes Forever,* is only half-successful until it can advertise speed. We respect speed immensely, not merely because it is an integral part of efficiency, but because it is a criterion of accomplishments, the accompaniment of other commendable and desirable things. It means gleaming luxury, special gadgets, mechanical excellence. Anything which can go fast, we know, has got to be good.

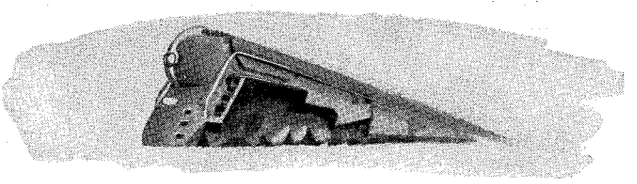


"The Blue Comet"—New Jersey Central

II

So, in 1934, the great speed-up began. It began, roughly speaking, with the completion of the streamliners, the first of which, the Union Pacific's yellow M-10,000 (now the *City of Salina*), is four and a half years old. Contrary to public opinion, however, the streamliners were not indispensable to a new era in passenger service; they were only the dramatic evidence of it—eye-compelling expressions of the possibilities of vehicles whose wheels are flanged and roll on rails.

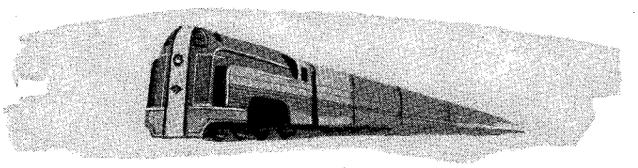
These possibilities have been there a long time. Indeed, early in the century the Eastern lines embarked on a speed-up which excited the imaginations and paralyzed the skepticism of the journalists of the time. There was



"Twentieth Century Limited"—New York Central

glib talk of 200 miles an hour by 1920, and of traveling from New York to Chicago in 10 hours. But railroading was not so precise and safe as today, and the traveling public didn't respond to what it then probably considered excessive speed. Fast running didn't pay. And by 1910, schedules were being stretched instead of shortened; the speed-up was over, not to be revived for twenty-five years.

The speed-up we are here examining has shrunk the map of the United States, in some places by a third or more. If the map were drawn to represent the shrinkage with mathematical accuracy, it would be a very grotesque affair. A colossal stringency would be evident from East to West and Southwest, reducing the coast-to-coast distance by a thousand miles. The branches of its force, in contracting the whole Southwest, would extend down to Mexico City. The whole Eastern Seaboard would be



"Crusader"—Reading Lines

evenly compressed altogether by about 300 miles. But the states between Texas and Florida would belly disgracefully into the Gulf of Mexico, and Seattle would be somewhere out in the Pacific Ocean.

Illinois, because of the multitude of runs which cross it, would be shriveled, with its neighbors squeezing it in on all sides, pressing closer and closer to Chicago, which has gained most from the speed-up. From Chicago to the Twin Cities, for instance, in addition to about sixteen ordinary trains, there are the Burlington's two streamlined, Diesel-electric *Zephyrs,* the Milwaukee's streamlined, steam-powered *Hiawatha* (earning a million a year), and the Chicago & North Western's steam *400* (soon to be streamlined). Here, beyond a doubt, is the most significant high-speed laboratory in the world. Look at the competition: super-highways; airplanes which in

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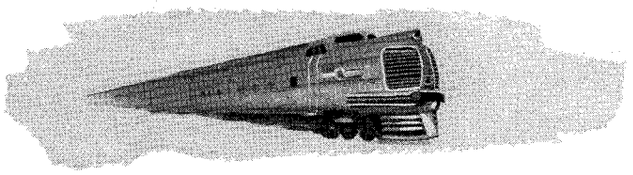
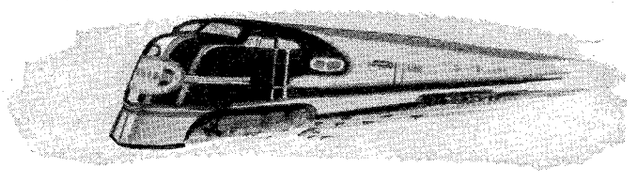
a desperate attempt to get business actually reduced round-trip rates close to those of day coaches; modern busses which are extraordinarily cheap; and, of course, the other trains, run by five railroads.

To Denver there is the same sort of speed, either on



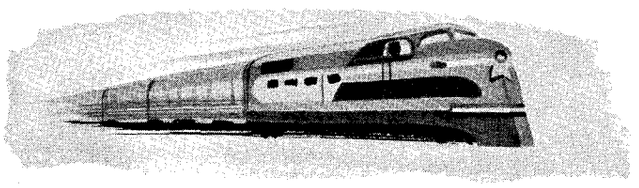
"City of Denver"—Union Pacific

the *City of Denver* or the *Denver Zephyr,* both of which get there in 16 hours, on the swiftest long-distance schedule in the world. Similarly, the *Twentieth Century* and the *Broadway Limited* offer luxurious streamlined service to New York (but at an extra fare) and while they also make the trip in 16 hours, their journey is roughly ten per cent shorter. But it's very likely their schedule will be cut another hour by the time the World's Fair is in full swing. The Eastern runs prefer to cut a little at a time; it gives them a chance to try things out and to avoid any chance of temporarily unbalancing their organization, which, because of denser traffic, is more complex than that of the Western lines. The Pennsy and Central are bound by a gentlemen's agreement, and



"Super Chief"—Santa Fe

neither is apt to do anything the other can't—which also means that neither is apt to do anything it doesn't have to. While the Central route is fifty miles longer, the Pennsylvania has to cross the Alleghenies, where it twists itself around bends like the Horseshoe Curve and up grades as severe as almost any on the main lines through the Rockies. To reduce its time to 14 hours, the Central would have to average about 70, or a great deal more than any other train in the world for a comparable distance. Though its new steam engines could maintain that average, the Central likes to have plenty of leeway and, unless there is a positive demand, isn't going to talk about it for a long time. Anyway, it has to face some really professional problems. If you stand in the Buffalo station between 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M., you can count a dozen

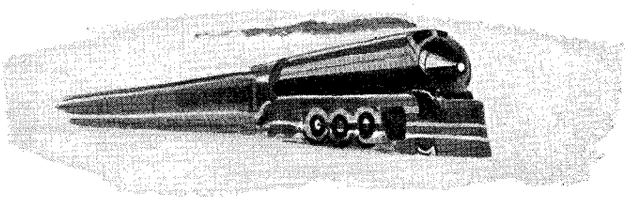


"The Rocket"—Rock Island

expresses on streamliner schedules, many of them in two or more sections, sometimes twenty-five in all. No railroad with business like that can afford to concentrate all attention and resources on one train.

The race track of the Central is on the long, level stretches between Buffalo and Chicago. Water is taken on the fly, and there are so few operating checks that a top speed of 80 or 85 is good for an average of 70. Leaving Elkhart on the eastbound *Twentieth Century,* a traveler is often disappointed at what seems to be the rather slow, dogged gait. Actually, the train is rolling along, steady as a church, at 80 or 85 miles per hour. The traveler arrives at Toledo, discovers that he has done the 133 miles from Elkhart in about 105 minutes.

The Pennsy's highest averages are achieved between

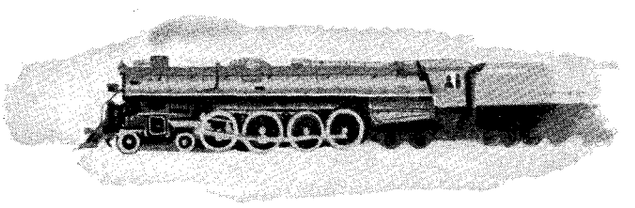


"Yankee Clipper"—New Haven

Englewood (outside Chicago) and Fort Wayne, where a few trains are carded at 115 minutes for the 141 miles, and often do it in less, even though wheeled by steam locomotives whose design goes back to 1912. Such performances (especially by the steamers of the Central), frequently with extremely heavy trains, are providing answers to the Diesel-electrics as presently developed.

III

GOING west to the Pacific, the Chicagoan has to spend only two nights and a day. If this time were clipped from 39¾ to 36 hours, as it easily could be, the improvement plainly wouldn't result in an important saving of time. Moreover, the 39¾-hour streamliners already have to



"Florida Special"—Atlantic Coast Line

roll along at close to 100 on the level stretches to make up for time lost in the mountains and other places where speed must be reduced for sharp curves. When these slow spots are ironed out, still better time will be possible. Future accelerations will be achieved not by much higher top speeds, but by fewer slowdowns.

Altogether, you now have to spend less than 56 hours on a train between the West Coast and New York City. The only catch in this speed-up is that you have to hang around Chicago the better part of a day to wait for your connections. Doubtless that is why the newspapers talked about Joe DiMaggio's 66-hour ride. DiMaggio left San

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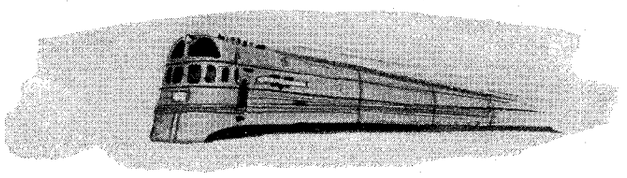
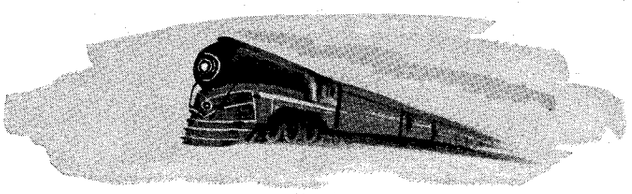
Francisco on the *City of San Francisco,* which took 39¾ hours, and changed to the *Broadway,* which then demanded 16½ hours, or 56¼ hours in all. But arriving in Chicago in the early morning, DiMaggio didn't leave till dinner. Possibly it would pay the railroads to in



"Flying Yankee"—Boston & Maine-Maine Central

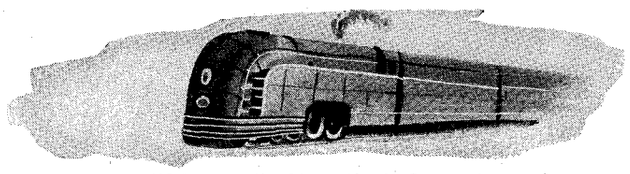
augurate some kind of through transcontinental flyer which would do the job in two nights, leaving New York before noon and arriving in Frisco or Los Angeles at noon two days later, and forget about Chicago. But this seems to be mere whimsical daydreaming. Such a train would roll through Chicago after midnight, and even if the railroads could make it pay, Chicago doubtless would pass an ordinance against it. Not in the history of the nation has any timetable train operated *through* Chicago without forcing its passengers to disembark and spend some time—and money—there. And so long as trains are scheduled with Chicago traffic in mind, meaning they



"The Royal Blue"—Baltimore & Ohio

arrive at or leave Chicago in the morning or evening, a two-day transcontinental run isn't easy to arrange. Perhaps some bright railroad man will devise a way out. Try it yourself when time hangs heavy on your hands.

New Yorkers have benefited by the speed-up, particularly to Philadelphia and Washington, but the Eastern roads always had run faster than the Western lines, so the speed-up is not as noticeable there. South of Washington, only the Florida runs have been speeded up; and while Miami is a couple or three hours closer to New York than it used to be, New Orleans isn't any closer. And neither the Gulf Coast nor Florida is appreciably

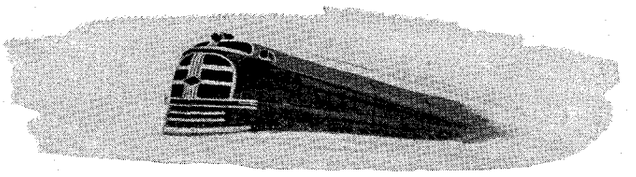


"Mercury"—New York Central

nearer to Chicago. Briefly, the Central South hasn't gone in for speed—yet. The swiftest New York-to-Miami train, which requires 27 hours, would have to make the trip in 23 or 24 hours to equal the rate of the Western streamliners. It can, and perhaps will, do so, but the prospects on the other Southern routes seem rather dubious.

Another conspicuous blank is the vast open country between the Twin Cities and Seattle. Whether Seattle (and Tacoma) will have faster service, via the Twin Cities, depends upon the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and the Milwaukee Road, whose crack trains compensate in splendid equipment for what they don't possess in speed. They have to make many local stops, being the only trains on some parts of their lines, and aren't apt to put on mile-a-minute time.

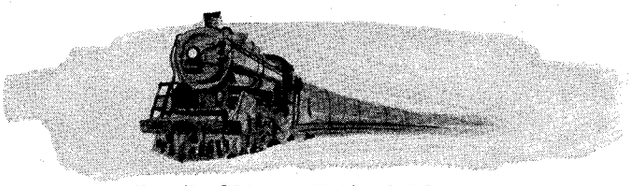
For a road which has had the Pacific Seaboard passenger business pretty much to itself, the Southern Pacific has done well. Though it hasn't performed startling things between San Francisco and Portland, its admirable *Daylight,* between San Francisco and Los Angeles, celebrated



"Green Diamond"—Illinois Central

its first birthday a few months ago with the announcement that it had averaged 348 passengers each way every day, unquestionably enough to net it a clean million dollars. A superb example of the advantages of mass transportation, it carries 45 employees—porters, bartenders, nurses, waiters, hostesses, agents, trainmen—and charges, on the average, less than two cents a mile, and yet it can be operated, when loaded with its 420 revenue passengers (it has room for 600), for about a quarter-cent a mile per passenger.

Lusting for some of this lucrative traffic, the aggressive Santa Fe finally got permission to set up a competing



"400"—Chicago & North Western

service, from Oakland to Bakersfield by streamliner and into Los Angeles by super-bus. On about the same schedule, it offers a lower fare, and so may put up a stiff fight and generate further time cuts between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The New Haven Road, which is more or less without competition between New York City and Boston, hardly noticed the speed-up, and as a result the Pennsy's *Congressional* (no extra fare, and equipped with coaches) runs between New York City and Washington in an hour less, over a route only five miles shorter, than the New Haven's extra-fare *Yankee Clipper* and *Merchants' Limited* do to Boston. In fairness to the New Haven, it has a lot of curves, passes through a raft of towns and drawbridges, and so is continually (*continued on page* 50)

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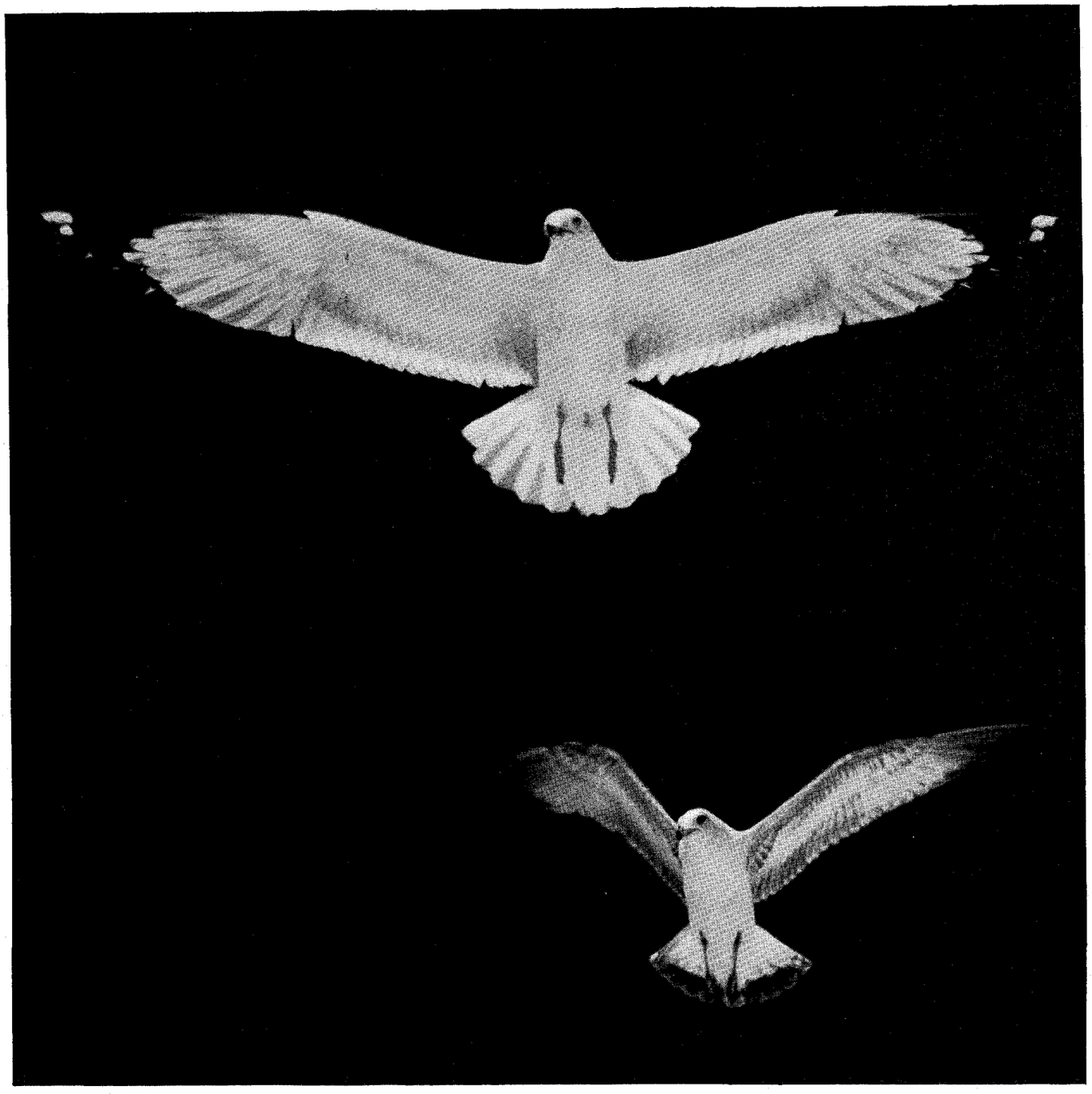
LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

In this section we are presenting the work of both amateur and professional photographers. Our object is to develop the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. Our only editorial requirement is that the pictures portray life in the United States. For technical information about the following prints see page 54.



GULLS, by Alan Green

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MACDOUGAL ALLEY, by Alexander Alland

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BLACK STAR

PIGS, by Torkel Korling

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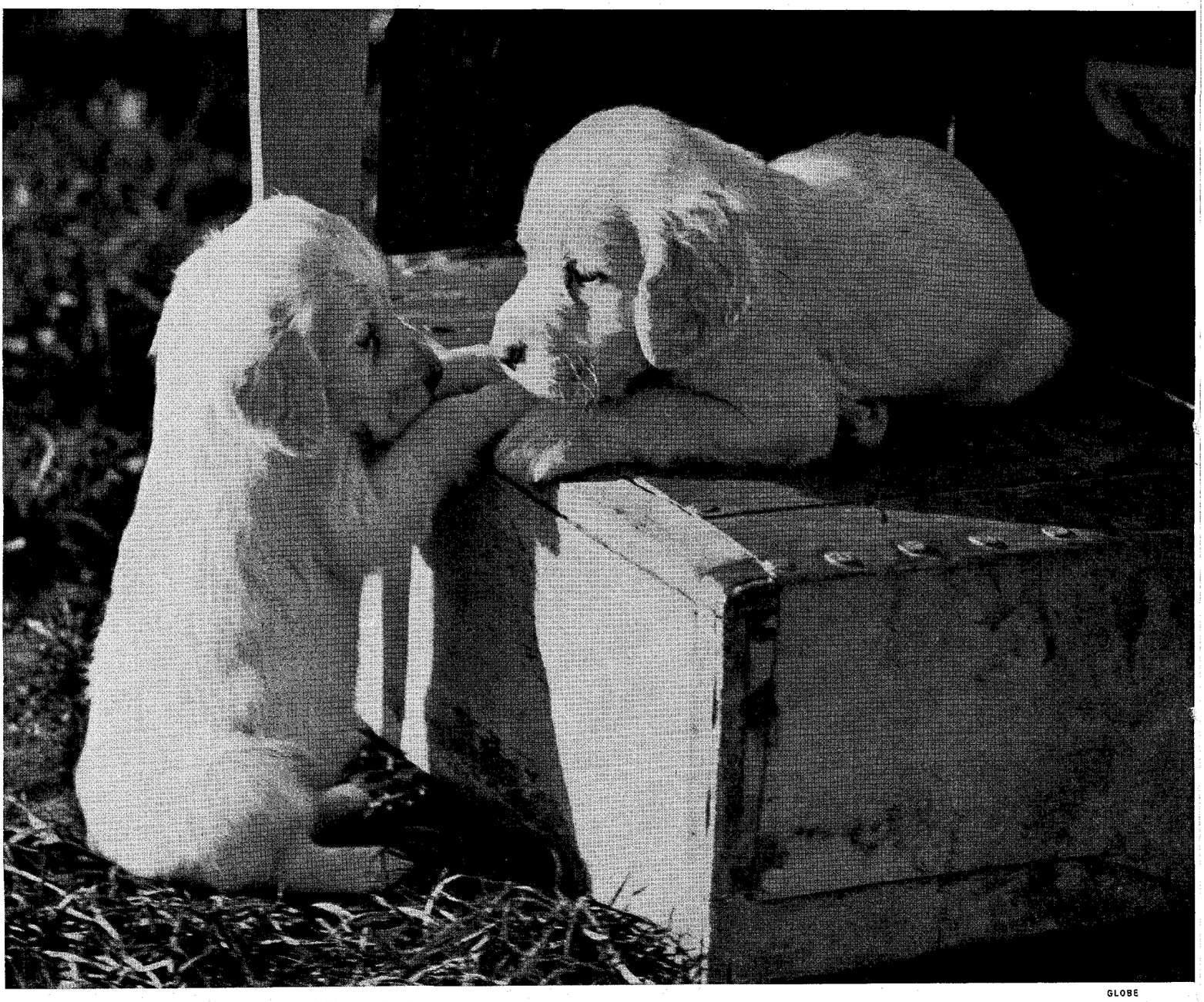

GLOBE

PUPPY LOVE, by William D. Barkley

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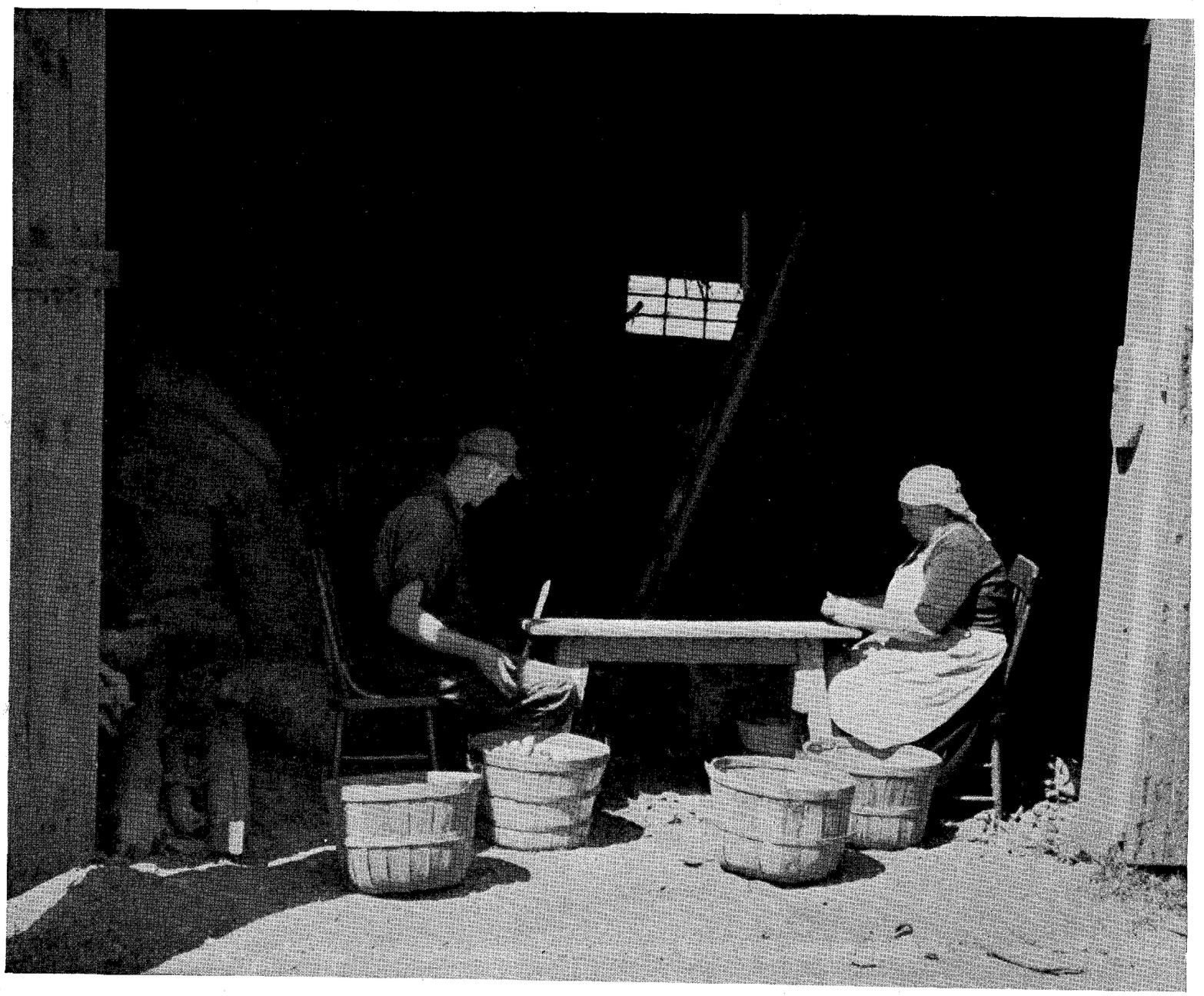

THE POTATO CUTTERS, by F. Earl Williams

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AIR MEET, by Marion Johnson

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FROM LODER

NAUTICAL GEOMETRY, by William S. Spring

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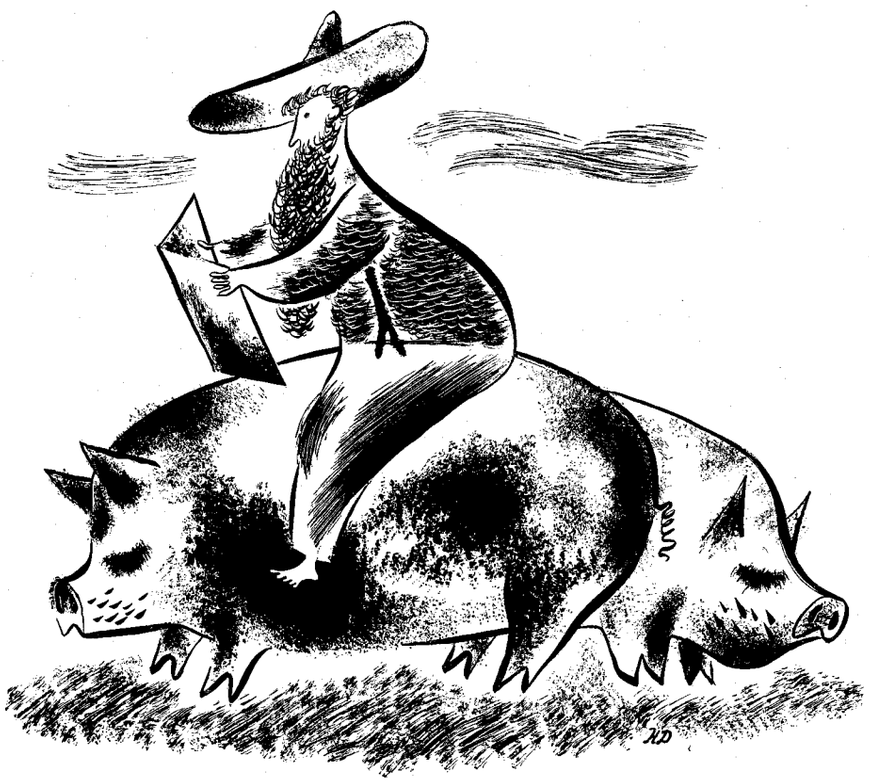

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

MR. TRESSLER wrote this month's Quiz while on vacation. When he left we told him to remember he was writing for a July issue and not to quiz us on anything heavier than "What would you like to be doing? (1) swimming (2) sailing (3) drinking." Since Mr. Tressler ignored us entirely, we are compelled to make an announcement. Readers in any place where it's above 85° may raise their S.Q. five points.

To new readers, coming upon the Quiz for the first time, we add these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. (10 questions missed means 20 points deducted from 100, or a score of 80—which is being optimistic this month.) *Answers on page 58*

1. Those who go to Europe this summer will get 39 per cent less ocean if they take passage on the:

(1) Baltimore Mail *(2) Anchor Line*
(3) Canadian Pacific *(4) Holland-America*

2. With radio broadcasts and much newspaper publicity, the year 1938 has been celebrated as the centennial of:

(1) the first U. S.-made set of false teeth
(2) the settling of California
(3) steam navigation
(4) the first golf course in the U. S.

3. A very important part of an Old-fashioned drink is angostura bitters mostly imported from Trinidad, which is:

(1) a city in Portugal *(2) a Spanish island*
(3) an island in the British West Indies
(4) a small city in Bermuda

4. Biggest and most recent news concerning the La Follette brothers, Phil and Bob, dealt with their efforts to:

(1) bring suit against I.C.C. labor policies
(2) revise the Wisconsin constitution
(3) start a national third political party
(4) obtain control of the Republican Party

5. The plural of the word grouse is:

(1) grouses *(2) grouse* *(3) grice*
(4) groose *(5) gross* *(6) greese*

6. When a jar is hermetically sealed, it is simply:

(1) sterilized and covered with wax
(2) made perfectly airtight
(3) sealed under very high temperature
(4) capped and submerged in boiling water

7. Secretary of State during the Wilson Administration was:

(1) Col. E. M. House *(2) Elihu Root*
(3) Robert Lansing *(4) Henry L. Stimson*
(5) Charles E. Hughes

8. Even though you once knew, you may have forgotten that Easter is always:

(1) a Sunday set in advance by the Pope
(2) the first Sunday 30 days after March 12
(3) the first Sunday after the first full moon beginning March 21

9. Women usually buy perfume by the dram and yet don't know that there are .....drams to a liquid ounce:

(1) 16 *(2) 8* *(3) 60* *(4) 32* *(5) 20* *(6) 12*

10. One of the latest news items concerning the Dionne family deals with:

(1) arrival of twins at the Dionne house
(2) legal battle over the Quins' fortune
(3) birth of a new baby to Mrs. Dionne

11. To avoid moving his lips, a ventriloquist would be partial to one of these words:

(1) vivisection *(2) peppy* *(3) aerial*
(4) beebee *(5) mammal* *(6) fever*

12. A C. C. C. dentist maintains that the best teeth in the U. S. are in Arkansas and Tennessee because of:

(1) hard water and leisurely chewing
(2) strict state public dentist laws
(3) a diet of much meat and little pastry
(4) the many tobacco-chewing residents

13. The name Fontaine Fox should be familiar to most Americans as:

(1) a cartoonist *(2) a young novelist*
(3) a baseball player *(4) an architect*
(5) a portrait painter

14. One of these wars occurred in 1870:

(1) Spanish-American *(2) Crimean*
(3) Franco-Prussian *(4) U. S.-Mexican*
(5) Russo-Turkish

15. The Western Electric Company is the manufacturing and supply department of:

(1) United States Steel *(2) Westinghouse*
(3) Western Union *(4) General Electric*
(5) American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

16. In an airplane the altimeter tells:

(1) your speed *(2) the air pressure*
(3) your distance above sea level
(4) your distance above the ground beneath

17. In addition to the Japanese, the Chinese are also waging a desperate and probably losing fight against:

(1) Manchukuan Communists
(2) typhus fever
(3) the extreme heat of interior China
(4) the severest drought in 100 years

18. Perhaps you were not previously aware that the swastika is:

(1) a symbol originated by the Nazi party
(2) an ancient Greek cross of the gods
(3) the Egyptian symbol of strength
(4) an ancient symbol of good luck

19. If you were slowly freezing to death, the one thing you would feel most like doing would be:

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(1) eating something hot and stimulating
(2) lying down and going to sleep
(3) drinking a long cold lemonade
(4) keeping your feet and hands in motion

20. The President of the American Red Cross is by custom the President of the U. S., but the active head is:

(1) Admiral Grayson *(2) Herbert Hoover*
(3) Norman H. Davis *(4) Roy W. Howard*
(5) Dr. Morris Fishbein *(6) Dan Beard*

21. One of these names is not somehow associated in the average American mind with golf:

(1) Baby Dimple *(2) Walter Hagen*
(3) St. Andrews *(4) Grover Whalen*
(5) Kroflite *(6) Harry Cooper*

22. Calvin Coolidge died in January 1933:

(1) on his estate at Northampton, Mass.
(2) in a hotel in Southern California
(3) in a hospital at Boston, Mass.

23. There are more violinists in the average symphony orchestra than any other type of players, but next in number usually come the:

(1) ocarinists *(2) bassoonists* *(3) flutists*
(4) viola players *(5) oboists* *(6) clarinetists*

24. One of these is a true statement:

(1) Japan has paid for the Panay sinking
(2) Dizzy Dean plays with a St. Louis team
(3) Dr. Townsend recently served 30 days in jail for contempt of Congress
(4) Col. Lindbergh has purchased an island home off the coast of Georgia

25. The Watch of Railroad Accuracy is the long-used advertising slogan of:

(1) Elgin *(2) Hamilton* *(3) Longines*
(4) Bulova *(5) Gruen* *(6) Waltham*

26. A fancy diver wouldn't get very far in competition if he attempted one of these as a dive:

(1) half-gainer *(2) swan dive* *(3) full twist*
(4) jackknife *(5) telemark* *(6) back flip*

27. The normal pulse of the average human being is:

(1) 40 to 50 *(2) 95 to 100* *(3) 110 to 120*
(4) 85 to 95 *(5) 70 to 80*

28. The first oil wells in the United States were drilled in:

(1) California *(2) Texas* *(3) Pennsylvania*
(4) New York *(5) West Virginia* *(6) Ohio*

29. The area growing more strawberries than any other in this country lies in:

(1) Florida *(2) Oregon* *(3) Louisiana*
(4) Georgia *(5) Mississippi* *(6) Tennessee*

30. Because of her youth and beauty, one of these queens would stand the best chance of winning a beauty contest:

(1) Queen of England *(2) Queen of Iraq*
(3) Queen of Denmark *(4) Queen of Egypt*

31. Chief ballyhooed attraction of Ringling's circus this season is Gargantua the Great, who is:

(1) a 9-ft.-tall, 20-year-old Texan youth
(2) a full-grown gorilla *(3) an 800-lb. girl*
(4) a 36-ft. python *(5) an elephant*

32. Several years ago the rubber producers of the world formed a cartel, another way of saying that they:

(1) combined to maintain prices
(2) agreed to fight unions in factories
(3) united against freight charges
(4) encouraged tack-sprinkling by small boys

33. If you accused a man of pettifogging, it is more than likely that he would be a member of one of these professions:

(1) teaching *(2) law* *(3) medicine*
(4) journalism *(5) thuggery*

34. One of America's leading dress designers, and author of the recent book *Fashion Is Spinach,* is:

(1) Marjorie Hillis *(2) Elizabeth Arden*
(3) Elizabeth Hawes *(4) Hattie Carnegie*
(5) Lilly Daché *(6) Martha West*

35. In the number of miles of railway operated, the U. S. leads the world by a wide margin, but in second place comes:

(1) Japan *(2) India* *(3) Canada*
(4) Germany *(5) Russia* *(6) Australia*

36. You may remember being taught that the Greek god Pan was the patron of:

(1) dancers *(2) actors* *(3) bartenders*
(4) shepherds and hunters *(5) lovers*
(6) cooks

37. Showy little trifles are sometimes called gewgaws and the word is pronounced:

(1) JEW-jaws *(2) GOO-gaws* *(3) GO-goes*
(4) GHEE-gaws

38. Farmers who raise turkeys refer to the young ones as:

(1) pullets *(2) cygnets* *(3) poulards*
(4) capons *(5) poults* *(6) drakes*

39. If you were in the U. S. Bureau of Census, getting ready for 1940, you would be a part of:

(1) the Department of Commerce
(2) the Department of State
(3) the Department of the Interior

40. Only one of our Presidents has been born west of the Mississippi River and his name is:

(1) Warren G. Harding *(2) James K. Polk*
(3) James A. Garfield *(4) Woodrow Wilson*
(5) William H. Taft *(6) Herbert Hoover*
(7) Ulysses S. Grant *(8) Millard Fillmore*

41. If you were a Dalmatian dog, your coat would be:

(1) long, brown, and shaggy
(2) black, long, and curly
(3) short-haired and spotted
(4) short-haired, wiry, and streaked

42. Fish is often served with drawn butter, which is nothing but:

(1) melted butter *(2) tartar sauce*
(3) a peppery sauce with a touch of butter
(4) melted butter with bread crumbs

43. The greatest single cause of trouble to cable lines to Europe is:

(1) severe fall storms off the U. S. coast
(2) British fleet battle practice
(3) Irish fishermen dragging for halibut
(4) icebergs *(5) ocean liners* *(6) seaquakes*

44. One of these men is generally known as the Father of the Symphony:

(1) Bach *(2) Beethoven* *(3) Haydn*
(4) Wagner *(5) Brahms* *(6) Damrosch*

45. In 1934, the McDuffie-Tydings Act was passed by Congress and temporarily settled the old question of:

(1) South American import duties
(2) Philippine independence
(3) American naval-building tonnage
(4) Should men remove hats in elevators?

46. If you were a professional golfer, you would probably reach your playing peak between the ages of:

(1) 18 to 23 *(2) 20 to 25* *(3) 75 to 80*
(4) 30 to 34 *(5) 25 to 30*

47. General Pershing recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to make a trip to New York City in April to:

(1) attend the annual D. A. R. Congress
(2) see his son Warren married
(3) ride in the annual Army Day parade
(4) christen the new cruiser Jersey City

48. A much-advertised feature of the.... motorcar is the Dynaflash engine:

(1) Packard *(2) Ford* *(3) Dodge*
(4) DeSoto *(5) Buick* *(6) Studebaker*

49. When you consider the number of bushels produced annually, the chief farm crop of the U. S. is:

(1) wheat *(2) corn* *(3) oats*
(4) rye *(5) barley* *(6) potatoes*

50. Most of those who visit Key West, Fla., these days reach it by means of:

(1) a small, daily ferryboat
(2) a long, two-lane, highway bridge
(3) a short, fast electric railroad
(4) an undersea tunnel *(5) a seaplane*

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don herold examines:

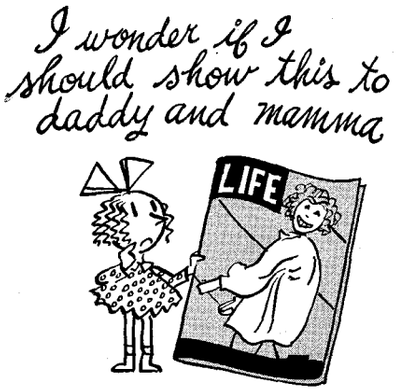
life's baby

In the great controversy as to whether or not *Life* should have gone to that obstetrical party, I would be inclined to let my twelve-year-old daughter cast the deciding vote.

She beat us to the magazine (she would!) and knew all the facts of *Life* before we had any chance to decide whether or not we should let her see them.

Her verdict was: "I'd rather have a baby than have my tonsils out."

Personally, I think that *Life* might more wisely have sent that warning letter to the children rather than to the parents. The children should have been given the chance to decide whether or not to show the pictures to the parents. I feel confident that the pictures hurt me much more than they did my daughter.



Children, I believe, have much more of an appetite for reality than their elders, and I'm not at all sure that childhood isn't the best time of all for us to impart to them such facts of life as we think to be facts.

I don't believe children see anything particularly shocking in the idea of a baby growing inside of a mother's body, or in the method of emergence therefrom. At our house, we, being pagans to begin with, have been just about as blunt about babies as *Life* itself, without subterfuge to flowers and bees, and I think this policy has produced a healthy attitude toward such things in the minds of our youngsters.

There was certainly nothing obscene in the *Life* pictures, as charged by many people. The only question in regard to them was as to whether or not they were too clinical for wide publication and for breakfast-table enjoyment. My own feeling is that the children could take it, but the adults couldn't.

New England reacts adversely with such sudden, savage certainty to these things, that it makes me positive as to one thing: there should be complete elimination of birth in New England from now on.

There is so much publishing pussyfooting in the world, that I am glad that there is at least one publishing firm which has the nerve to do bold, pioneering things, even if they are sometimes wrong.

the monkey industry

I think I have solved the lonesome-old-age problem. When our two children grow up and leave home, I'm going to buy two Humboldt's Woolies (monkeys) to fill the void.

These are very tame, loveable, affectionate, fine-looking little monkeys, and I think they would go far toward taking the place of children in the home. The current price on them is $40 each, which is less than we paid for either of the children.

I learned about Humboldt's Woolies recently on a visit to the establishment of Henry Trefflich, importer of monkeys, reptiles, and other animals, on Fulton Street, in New York City. Mr. Trefflich imports about 15,000 monkeys a year, which gives you some idea as to the size of his monkey business.

You can buy a pretty good monkey for $7.50, a Rhesus, but he won't be chummy like the Humboldt's Woolie.

Or Mr. Trefflich will rent you a monkey through the summer for $6, and give you a rebate of $3 when you bring him back in the fall.

A sick monkey is $3, outright.

A pregnant monkey is $15.

Chimpanzees are $200 or $300 each, and worth it.

A leopard is $150.

Mr. Trefflich sells most of his monkeys to hospitals.

I'm sure a lot more people would own monkeys if they knew how inexpensive they are. I can hardly wait for our children to grow up and leave home so we can have monkeys at our home.

life insurance

Life insurance makes me behave.

I like it.

It is the only thing I have found which keeps me from being a little boy with my money . . . which makes me salt away a little salt systematically instead of waking up every day with some new get-rich whim.

It is an argument with myself which I have won forever. I talked it all out with myself when I applied for my policies, and *that's that.*

When a premium notice comes, it chafes a little, of course, but I don't have to debate whether I'm going to pay it or take a trip or buy a new car or invest in Uncle Henry's new patent gutta-percha auto fenders.

I pay the insurance premium.

My insurance is a type which will

give me all or most of my money back in a few years—some of it more than *all*—so I figure that the insurance factor of my life insurance is velvet.

I also figure the discipline is free. I mean, I don't have to pay anybody a fee to keep me on my insurance-saving schedule.

Why don't I get weak-kneed and quit?

Largely because I've enough at stake in my insurance program to make me want to stick. I'm loath to leave off the protection it gives my family. I like the financial backbone it gives me. I know I can be silly about a lot of things, but that if I hang onto my insurance I'll be on safe ground at fifty-five or sixty.

I'm looking forward to fun in my later years—golf balls all over the place, trips, hundreds of books to read, and a good deal of just sittin' and thinkin'.

And I like the thought that if I slip in the bathtub and kill myself tomorrow I am automatically a fairly rich man.

No, nobody can upset my life insurance plan. It's my buddy.

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SOL . . . . THE SCORCHER

EXTREME heat is a real danger, if you expose yourself too long to the direct rays of the sun or if you are overactive in warm weather. Those with high blood pressure, heart or kidney trouble are in greater danger than those in sound health. Persons who work in foundries, engine rooms or other places where the temperature is excessive should be especially on guard against heat prostration.

Collapse usually comes suddenly and takes one of two forms—either heatstroke or heat exhaustion. They are radically different from each other in the effect upon the sufferer and in the immediate treatment needed.

In heatstroke the face is red or purple, skin dry and hot, temperature high; the patient is usually unconscious. In heat exhaustion, much the opposite effect is noticed. The face is pale, the skin moist and cold, temperature low; the stricken person is usually conscious. In either case call a doctor immediately. Pending his arrival, do what you can to help the patient. Always remember that the *hot* body should be *cooled* and the *cold* body *warmed*.

Heatstroke treatment—Lay patient on back in a shady place. Remove as much clothing as possible. Reduce temperature by sponging body with cold water. Apply ice bag or cold cloths (iced if possible) to head. Give no stimulants; but after the patient becomes conscious let him have all the cool water he will drink.

Heat Exhaustion treatment—Lay patient in reclining position. Loosen clothing. Keep warm with hot-water bottles, blankets, or other means. Give stimulants; tea, coffee, or aromatic spirits of ammonia (1 teaspoonful in ½ glass water).

Should a hot spell come, wear light, porous clothing. Avoid unnecessary exposure to sun or excessive heat, indoors or outdoors. Keep your head covered when in the scorching sun. Drink adequate amounts of cool water. Use a liberal amount of salt with food to replace the salt lost through perspiration. Observe healthful living habits—sufficient sleep, frequent baths, well-selected and usually light foods. Send for the Metropolitan leaflet "Heat Exhaustion and Sunstroke." Address Booklet Department 738-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* • ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. • LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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Murder Is a Fact

(continued from page 26)

time with a handsome chauffeur just gossiping about London. Flint's cook verified it for me."

Henderson laughed. "My dear! Backstairs intrigue."

This time the annoyance that tightened her mouth lingered in her eyes as she looked at him. "A man will soon be on trial for his life before what will probably be a hostile jury. Some of the rules are suspended at a time like this, Baird."

A guilty sense of having been remiss stung Henderson. It was more than a passing flick. Shame and a feeling of personal perfidy assailed him as he remembered how hot his blood had run immediately after the murder. This intensified his persistent weariness and irritation, and with an effort he kept his voice calm as he asked, "Why are you so interested in Rains, Monica?"

She hesitated, looking out the window at the filigree of towered lights far across the Park meadow. At last she turned to him, and now her eyes were alight with anger. "You wouldn't have asked me that a month ago, Baird."

XIX

It had not been a quarrel. There had been no open clash, no unguarded flare of bitterness. The very restraint that held between them as they rode back downtown to Monica's apartment, where he left her, was the more distressing to Henderson for that reason. Looking back on it, as he lay sleepless, panic caught at him that they should have parted thus, almost without words, under the eyes of a cab driver and a doorman.

And because his thoughts circled back inexorably to the thing that had come between them, he could not escape the pressure of a hateful futility.

If Rains were really not guilty . . . If the man were telling the truth . . . A sudden animal fright swept Henderson, chilling him, shocking him into tense, harsh wakefulness. For an instant, so vivid was the experience, he seemed himself to sense with an immediacy transcending logic the sheer brute threat of death—the threat which, no matter how strong the man might be, must lie with Lynch Rains day in and day out, hour for hour, as his trial neared.

But what could he do for Rains? What that the law itself, with the infinitely specialized means at his beck, could not do? It was absurd of Monica to tax him with neglect. A man had been killed. Another man now stood in danger of his life. It was for the law to determine. Must he turn melodramatic hero of a tinsel plot, rush about cunningly piecing together clues which the police failed to see?

Yet he could not completely exorcize the shade of that momentary vicarious menace which had seized him, and it was with relief like the snapping of a spring that he saw by the headline on his paper next morning that Rains' trial had been postponed. Saul Kaufman, wily chief of Rains' defense staff, had secured a change of venue, arguing that a power strike in the county seat had created a prejudicial atmosphere. The trial was now set for the first week of January in New York County.

Henderson called Monica at once. Yes, she had heard. They talked for a moment, and he hung up with a dull return of the despair which had visited him the night before. It occurred to him that what appeared to be a minor victory for Rains could be interpreted in an entirely different light. Would Saul Kaufman, brilliant strategist, resort to such clumsy tactics as this unless he himself were convinced that his client's case was indeed desperate?

The despair which had tightened within him as he broke off his brief conversation with Monica grew unbearable. He knew an imperative desire to talk to her face to face, to grope back toward that whole, warm, lively sympathy they had enjoyed in each other before last night.

Leaving word with his secretary that he might not return that day, Henderson left the building and ten minutes later was standing on a floor occupied by National Features, his hand on the knob of a door which bore "Miss Leeds" in small block letters. He looked at the name, and its impersonal professional stamp checked the impulsive assurance which had grown in him as he walked briskly across town in the late October chill. Once more he was suddenly humble and uncertain of himself.

He opened the door.

The man sitting across the desk from Monica was Lynch Rains.

Henderson stopped short.

Monica looked toward him. "Oh, Baird. Come in. You know Mr. Henderson, I believe, Mr. Rains?"

Rains nodded. "Hello, Henderson."

Henderson, obscurely nettled as if some trick had been played on him, said, "I didn't know you were busy. I'll come back later, Monica."

"Come in."

Henderson entered and sat down.

He looked at Rains, saw the changes which the weeks had wrought. The man's face, like his hands and shoes, like his chunk of torso, was square, solid; in it laughter had etched no lines, yet before this it had not been the face of a man who could not laugh. There was still power in the jut of a chin beneath a mouth to which words would come deliberately, in the short pugnacious nose, the square forehead. There was still a strong independence in Rains' steady black eyes. But the solidity and strength were rather now the surface show of a mass at whose core a corrosive acid had been at work. Rains' mouth was that of a man harassed by unremitting strain.

Monica was explaining that she planned a series of articles on industrial conditions and had asked Rains to come in and discuss a schedule of approach.

"You can tell Flint," Rains said, his black eyes flashing at Henderson, his voice resonantly ironic, "that I'm not doing anything for Miss Leeds directly. Flint probably wouldn't like that."

Henderson said nothing.

"I'm going to begin," Monica said, "with a trip to Mifflin."

"*Fact* hasn't had much to say about Mifflin lately," Rains observed. "Is Flint too busy with his holy war?"

"Flint is in Europe," Henderson said shortly. Then he asked, "Do you want to know why *Fact* hasn't had much to say about Mifflin, Rains?"

"Why?"

"Because I've killed five stories myself."

"Fact stories?"

Henderson's lean face colored. He asked, "Are you afraid of factual stories? Is that what you mean?"

"Did you think you were doing us a favor by keeping mention of Mifflin out of *Fact,* Henderson?"

"Not particularly. I didn't like the facts myself."

"Oh, you didn't?"

"I didn't," Henderson said, battening down his temper. "I disliked them as much as you do, Rains."

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"And because I dislike them the same way," Monica added, "I intend to print something about them."

Rains and she continued to talk for a few minutes, finishing the interview which Henderson had interrupted. He grew more and more uncomfortable, aware that his pettish outburst must have alienated her once more as surely as had his manner of the night before. Furious with himself, he tried to understand how he had been betrayed into speaking thus, and was uneasy when he could not. He knew only that there would be no opportunity now to do what he had come for, and he was rebellious.

At length he rose, gave a stiff apology, and left. Monica made no attempt to dissuade him from going.

The door closed slowly behind him, so slowly that, as he hesitated an instant and looked back, he caught a sharp picture of Lynch Rains silhouetted against the window, his strong profile betrayed by that telltale defenseless sagging beneath the chin.

It was to be the last glimpse of Rains he would have for many weeks. An hour later, his bail having been revoked, Rains was rearrested and jailed at the behest of the prosecutor, who claimed to have discovered his plans to leave the country on a forged passport.

Forged passports being much in the news just then, this caused a sensation and created a fresh outburst of diatribes.

Saul Kaufman withdrew from the defense the following day, and this was widely recognized as evidence of the hopelessness of Rains' case.

Hugh Flint, in Berlin, sent a gratulatory cable to the member of the prosecution staff credited with having unearthed Rains' plot to flee.

XX

NOVEMBER and early December passed in a welter of fuming detail. Henderson still found his new responsibilities chaotic and maddening, their complexity and grim unrelenting pressure threatening now and then to overwhelm him.

Matters were not improved by the fact that a slow but ominous recession from the peak which industrial tempo had reached was apparent throughout the business world. Advertising accounts were to be held only at the cost of constantly increasing pressure on the part of the promotion department, whose members Henderson drove as unrelentingly as he himself was driven; newsstand sales showed a dangerous slackening; and, despite the redoubled efforts of specialized subscription divisions, subscribers had begun dropping like the nervous leaves of autumn as October merged into November and November became December.

During the holidays Clark Malory appeared on the scene to continue his apprenticeship. Henderson, cursing Flint and his guild affectations *in absentia,* set the youth to indexing. He was forced to admit, however, that Clark had improved. Indeed, The Future Editor of *Fact* rasped Henderson's nerves so little that on the fourth night as they waited for the elevator together and Henderson realized that he had actually forgotten about Clark's presence, an oblique sense of contrition caused him suddenly to invite the lad to dinner.

He had no occasion at first to regret this magnanimity. The boy was amiable and entertaining as he described the success he was having with his campus magazine, mentioned problems which paralleled those of the parent *Fact.*

"By the way," he said, and the eagerness in his voice was genuine, "I'd like awfully to see Miss Leeds again, Henderson. I know she thinks I'm a cub, but—I mean I think she's magnificent. She's too good for National Features. I don't see why she stays there."

Henderson found himself looking forward to the evening. He would draw this youngster out, discover his possibilities, perhaps even counteract in some elementary fashion the spoiling Flint was fostering.

But Clark's next words made Henderson quench this missionary glow.

"I suppose you don't know why Flint is in Europe, Henderson." (It was the tone chiefly—condescending, patronizing.)

"I think I do, yes."

"Oh." Then after an interval, "I didn't know he wanted it publicly known yet."

"He doesn't," Henderson said dryly.

"I knew about it, of course, last summer."

"Did you?"

"I probably wasn't supposed to, of course. But, you know, placed as I was last summer——"

"Yes," Henderson agreed, "placed as you were."

"—I couldn't help knowing about a great many things."

"I suppose not."

"I'm glad Flint got things straightened out so he could go ahead with *Fact-On-The-Air.*"

Henderson, staring wearily out the window at the surging shoppers engulfing them at a corner, said absently, "Yes." Then he frowned. He looked at Clark. "Straightened out?"

The youth flushed, and as Henderson held his eyes they grew uncomfortable. "You know what I mean."

"What?"

There was a pause. "You honestly don't know?" Clark asked.

"Don't know what?"

"About Norton, I mean," Clark said.

Henderson said, "Oh, of course," and stared out the window, waiting.

"About how Norton was trying to wreck everything."

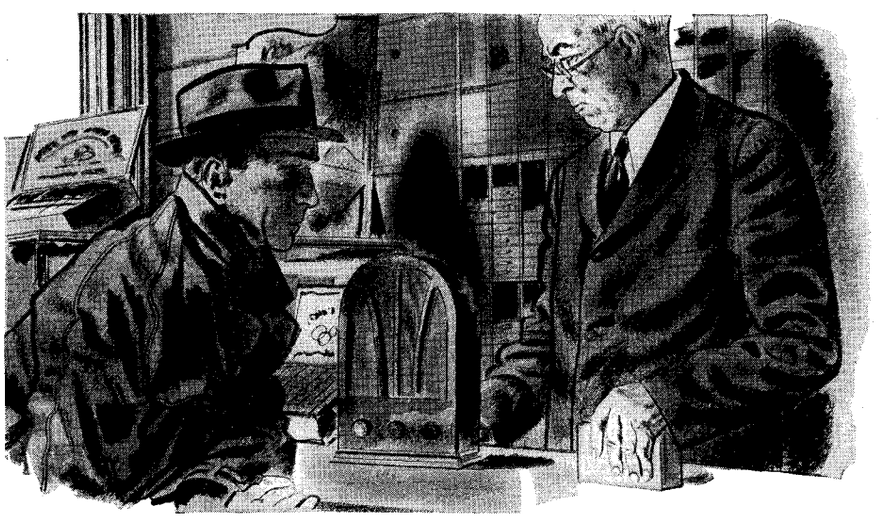
"Oh now, not everything."

"He tried to play hell with *Fact-On-The-Air,* didn't he?"

Henderson said evenly, "I didn't know you knew about that."

"There were mighty few things I didn't know." Clark shrugged. "What's the use of talking about it? Flint's going ahead now. I can tell from what he said in the letter I got last week that everything's coming along."

They did not recur to the subject.



"They'll fry that guy"

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Henderson, after the first rush of surprise had passed, took himself sharply to task for succumbing to Clark's egoist fabrication and (until he grew ashamed of the sport) spent their dinner hour leading Clark on to inflate his adolescent ego.

As he watched Clark, Henderson was impressed with the likeness between the boy and Flint. It was as if, by some chronological alchemy, he were suddenly permitted from his adult vantage to look back through the crowded years and see Flint as Flint himself had been when a senior in college.

The pattern of similarity between the youth and Flint continued to clarify. Toward the end of the meal it leaped into shocking relief. A waiter, bending over young Malory's shoulder, let his tray slip. A bowl of French dressing slid, spilled down Clark's sleeve.

The boy leaped up, his eyes furious. "You clumsy fool!"

Instead of apologizing, the waiter chose (gallantly, Henderson thought) not to truckle. "What're you going to do about it?" he demanded.

Clark Malory gasped. Then, before Henderson could leap up and stop him, he had plunged across the table.

It took but an instant for Henderson to throw the youth back onto the leather bench, but even in that instant there leaped before his inward eye the picture of Flint springing across a desk at a long-forgotten political rival—the picture that had flashed into his memory on the day Lynch Rains had turned contemptuously on his heel and walked out of Flint's office.

"Another episode like this," Henderson promised grimly as he escorted the youth out of the restaurant, "and I'll personally tear up that contract."

XXI

HENDERSON did not see Flint the day the other returned from abroad. The next afternoon Flint came into Henderson's office, his sharp, nervous eyes alight with interest. His greeting was rapid, merely a brief prelude to an excited, "Did you see Monica Leeds' column on the Rome-Berlin axis this morning? I was never more right in my life," he continued enthusiastically, "than when I realized that girl could do the job we want done. Look, Baird, your word has some weight with her. Can't you persuade her?"

Henderson, surprised, for he had fully expected Flint to burst out with a comment on Rains, shook his head. "I've my hands full."

There was a moment of silence.

Flint said, "Another of those letters came today. Another letter from Danisher."

"What did he say?" (Could Danisher be the answer to Lynch Rains' tragic puzzle after all?)

"Wild, incoherent threats like the others. It was mailed from upstate." Flint's mouth hardened. His fingers flicked as if he were dismissing the topic with the gesture.

Henderson could see that he was already thinking of something else. A moment later he went out of Henderson's room.

He had not once mentioned Rains. This shocked Henderson. Was it Rains Flint had been thinking of? Yet he had not spoken Rains' name. It was unthinkable that Rains had not been in his mind. Norton's death was too close to both of them for them to greet each other thus after a separation, on the eve of Rains' trial, without tacitly reminding each other.

Flint's refusal to talk of Rains seemed to Henderson ominous beyond any reason he could assign to it. The feeling persisted. Twice later he talked to Flint that day and not once did Flint speak of the trial, not once did he mention Rains.

Toward four o'clock Henderson answered the telephone and heard Clark Malory ask if he might come in. Henderson's mind leaped to what Clark had said a fortnight before. Something within him moved in a quick jerk of suspicion which he realized he had never until that moment actually allowed to mature. Yet now, with Flint's inexplicable silence clouding the atmosphere about him . . .

Malory's eyes behind their octagon lenses were oddly anxious as he stood before Henderson.

"What is it, Clark?"

It came to him that the only other time he had seen the boy so moved was on the day they had ridden together to the inquest and Clark had expressed his fears for Flint's safety. For a reason which he angrily refused to recognize, this coincidence gave Henderson a chill prescience.

"I'd appreciate it, Henderson——"

"Yes?"

"I mean you won't mention anything to Mr. Flint about what I said the other night, will you, Henderson?"

"Why not?"

Clark flushed, his eyes defensive. "I wouldn't want him to know I'd been a snotty little gossip," he said, the words unexpectedly humble.

Henderson started to speak, checked himself. He looked at Clark steadily. The boy's eyes returning the gaze, hardened once more; the flush left his face.

"All right, Clark. I'll say nothing to Hugh——"

"Thanks," quickly.

"On one condition."

"What?" The question was eager.

"If you'll tell me the truth."

"Of course. What, Henderson?"

"How long had you known about *Fact-On-The-Air* last summer?"

"How long?"

"How long."

"How long before what, Henderson?"

"Before Norton was killed."

"A couple of weeks."

Henderson's next question was casual. "How long had you known that Norton opposed the idea?"

"Don't you see, Henderson," the boy answered swiftly, his voice strained again, the anxious light reappearing in his eyes, "that's what I mean. About being a snotty little gossip."

"It wasn't true, then?"

"I was making it up, Henderson. By the yard," miserably.

"Why?"

"God knows."

"Did Flint ever say anything to give you the basis for that lie?" Henderson demanded, suddenly thoughtless of caution.

Clark's eyes were frightened. He shook his head. "Not a thing, Henderson, not a thing. Christ, but I was a fool to say a thing like that. I ought to be booted out of *Fact* on my tail for saying what I said that night. I thought I had to have something to talk to you about. I wanted to impress you." He broke off. "You won't say anything to Mr. Flint?" he pleaded.

Henderson had never before seen him abject.

"All right, Clark. I'll say nothing to Hugh. We'll forget it."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot. He'd think I was a——"

"Very well. Only don't have any more delusions."

"I won't," fervently. Then again, "Thanks, Henderson."

When the boy had gone, Henderson tried to work, but the swelling grain of perfectly specific suspicion prevented him from concentrating. He was on the point of calling Monica, when chagrin and inverted rebellion prevented. During the six weeks since he had sat in her office with Lynch Rains they had seen each other seldom. The day after Rains' arrest Monica had taxed him with his behavior, and Henderson had been sufficiently nettled to answer in peevish words; they had quarreled. The

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memory of that quarrel was bitter to Henderson, as bitter as the longing which drew him at every thought of her. But stubbornness and a certain awkwardness kept him from the reconciliation which he was unsure how to effect.

Now as he thought of what Clark had said, he longed to talk to her, to share with her his slowly unfolding, incredible suspicion. He thought to himself, "Rains' trial is but a week away," and the words startled him. He must find something, must pierce through to some stable, solid certainty. It was urgent.

XXII

Selection of a jury to try Rains began the following Thursday and proceeded through Friday and Saturday.

At eleven o'clock Monday forenoon, Henderson was buying tobacco in a cigar store when the radio, which had just chimed softly, broke into rapid speech.

"We interrupt the next program to bring you a special bulletin from the Press Radio Bureau. New York: The jury which will try Lynch Rains, labor leader, for the murder last August of Philip Norton, wealthy North Shore publisher, was completed a few minutes ago. The trial, which through a change in venue, is being held in New York County, will open tomorrow with the prosecution's presentation of its case. That the death penalty will be demanded was clear from the beginning of the jury selection, the prosecution rejecting every prospective juror who admitted a prejudice against capital punishment. A summary of the first session of the trial will be brought to you at twelve-fifteen Eastern Standard Time tomorrow afternoon over the station to which you are now listening. We take you now to Chicago where . . ."

The tobacconist, handing Henderson's change to him, nodded with relish. "They'll fry that guy."

Henderson went out of the store, the man's words with their overtone of indifferent hatred clogging his mind.

He had scarcely reached the office when Flint telephoned, his voice buoyant with excitement.

"Get Monica Leeds and have her meet us in your office at five," Flint said. "We'll go out for cocktails and on to dinner and a show. Don't worry about clothes. I won't have time to dress. I've got something to tell you both."

Henderson's mouth was wry as he replaced the phone. How like Flint to arrange an affair thus abstractly with no thought but that the pawns would shift docilely into their places. He was glad, however, of this objective opportunity to arrange a meeting with Monica, aware of a certain feeling of relief that they would not be alone. Perhaps something would happen; perhaps he could make something happen to close the rift between them.

His throat was tight, the blood hot in his temples, as he called her. He fumbled with the question, incredulity sweeping him when she agreed readily.

Eagerly he turned to his work in order to speed the day's hours until he would see her.

As usual, his routine was filled with nagging problems that raced without respite on each other's heels, overlapped, snarled into jammed crises, until, shortly before five when he told his secretary to go, it was mere animal fatigue that drove him from his desk to stand in the window and stare out at the early dark dropping over the city.

There was a rap at his door. He wheeled.

Julia Norton said calmly, "Hello, Baird."

She came into the room and shut the door. She was slimmer, tanned, her selfish, dissatisfied mouth quieter, her eyes level and empty of the passion he had seen flame in them that afternoon three months before.

She looked around the room to which the authentic note of luxury still clung. "Um. Come up in the world, haven't you, Baird?"

"Away up," he agreed, an eyebrow slanting. "How long have you been back, Julia?"

"Last night. Missed me, haven't you, Baird?" She made a provocative mouth at him and laughed. "Still the same old Baird, isn't it? What's happened on the home front?"

"Not a great deal."

"Don't stall, Baird. I've been the hell and gone to Honolulu. I haven't seen a paper for months. Did they convict Rains?"

Henderson, aware that she was lying, tried to read her eyes. Under his scrutiny they grew arrogant, opaque as agates.

"There was a power strike in Mineola. His lawyers got a change of venue." He nodded. "That's why you're back."

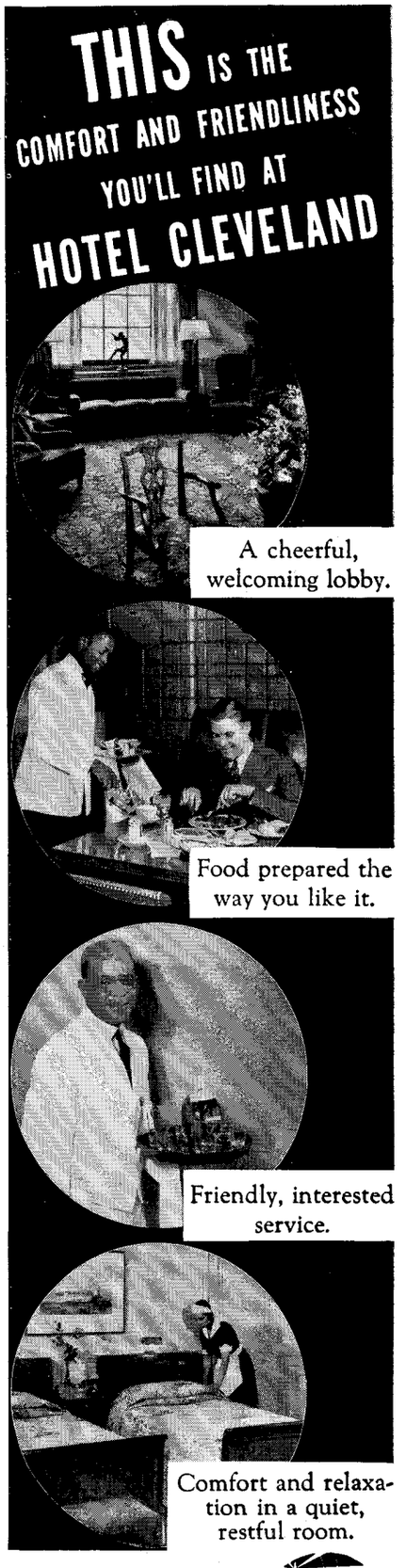
"I'm back because I got good and ready to come back. How's Hugh?"

"Chiefly invisible."

She raised penciled brows. Then she chuckled. "Still the good shepherd, aren't you, Baird? Has the girl wonder got him hooked yet?"

Henderson frowned.

"Don't be YMCA, Baird," she said petulantly. Then, "I hear she's still coy at the idea of working for *Fact*."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"So you haven't been entirely out of touch."

Julia chuckled again. "Do you think I'm going to sit back and let that glittering intellect——"

"You needn't worry."

She frowned. Then light dawned in her eyes. She said, "Well, well, well, isn't that definitely?" She laughed. "Anyway, Baird, I'm not worried. About Hugh, I mean. Just the maternal instinct. Hugh would be putty in the Leeds hands."

She took out a cigarette case, lighted a cigarette, held the open case to him, and put it away when he shook his head.

"Baird," she said thickly, squinting at him seriously through the drifting smoke, "don't you know that girl is ambitious? Don't you see that she's using you? That she's using Hugh, that she won't be satisfied until she's climbed on all your shoulders, especially Hugh's? She's reaching for the sky, Baird. And to climb up on Hugh's shoulders to do that, she'll have to marry him." She made a petulant gesture with her cigarette. "It's the only way she can make sure of controlling him. My God, you were ready to believe it about *me* when——"

The door opened quickly. Monica Leeds started in, checked herself, "Sorry, Baird. I didn't know——"

Julia turned, smiled, "Hello. Come in. We were just talking about you."

"Mrs. Norton. I didn't recognize you."

"It's the surf," Julia said candidly. "Does things to your hips and ankles." She rose. "If you want to get in touch with me, Baird, I'm staying in town." She smiled from him to Monica, and mentioned a telephone number. Then she went out.

"So the passion flower is with us again," Monica observed.

She dropped into a chair, throwing open her trim camel's-hair coat, its fur hiding all but the curve of her cheek for an instant as she turned to look at a book on the low table beside her, the smart brown hat, peaked, arrogantly new-season, even the stitching on her modish gloves as her slim hand curved to open the book's cover—swift details to which Henderson would normally have been blind now suddenly invested with the sharpness of longing . . .

He went to her, stood before her. She looked up, smiled. Suddenly he caught her and drew her up to him as he had that first day, seeking through the impersonal stuff of her gloves for contact with her hands, his eyes hot as he compelled her to look at him.

He laughed deep in his throat, bent to kiss her, and it was as if an insupportable burden slipped from him. He held her away from him, said lightly, for he was fearful of losing this buoyant relief by recognizing it in words, "She thinks you're angling for Hugh. She's concerned about it."

"How stupid. What did she say?"

"She pretended to know nothing about the trial. Talked of your pathological ambition, darling."

Monica flushed angrily and drew away from him. This unaccustomed reaction surprised Henderson. Impulsive wrath was foreign to her, that instant display about her eyes and mouth incongruous as heat lightning against the January sky.

"Did she say I wanted to use Flint?"

"Something of the sort. Flint and me, dearest." He smiled at her. "She probably expects to make better headway with Hugh herself now. She's come back for that, of course."

"You think so, Baird?"

"She'll make a fetching witness for the prosecution, of course."

Monica frowned. She asked, "Has it occurred to you that you might make a fitting candidate in more than one line of succession?"

Henderson's mouth opened. Then he laughed heartily. He took her by the arms. "My darling Cassandra. Eve sleeps close to the surface, what?"

An instant after he had released her, the door opened. Hugh Flint came in quickly. "Oh, hello, Miss Leeds. Waiting long?"

Flint's narrow face was red, his eyes bright with a wrath apparently so recent it was still at white heat.

Henderson thought, *Julia went to him from here, of course.* This shocked him, sobered him, recalled the gravity of the suspicion which had wormed into his consciousness, reawakened in him the sense of bitter obligation.

XXIII

During dinner Flint was nervous and talkative, his sharp, uneasy eyes bright with some barely restrained climactic emotion, its announcement trembling time after time behind a staccato rush of conversation. He had not yet come to the point, however, when they left the restaurant and went on to *Hooray for What!*

Here Henderson found the thought of Lynch Rains intruding constantly, maddeningly, between him and Ed Wynn's clowning. He tried to shake himself free from this mood, tried to be conscious of nothing but the sweetness of Monica's shoulder against his own—and was rasped by the sound of Flint's laughter.

After the play, as they stood on the sidewalk, Henderson, glancing down at the morning editions displayed by a curb newsboy, saw "Chair for Lynch?" in blatant type, a picture of the imprisoned man staring up from the page at him. The picture had apparently been snapped that day as Rains was taken from the courtroom. It was the face of an old man, almost unrecognizably changed since Henderson had last seen Rains only seven weeks before.

Flint's voice broke in. "Splendid. Awfully nice of you. How about it, Baird?"

He asked, startled, "What?"

"I suggested that we go down to my apartment and scramble eggs," Monica said.

An hour later Henderson, leaning lazily against the mantelpiece, watched Monica, his eyes troubled, and thought of the picture which had stared accusingly up at him from the sidewalk. Flint was talking, and the suddenly heightened excitement in his voice intruded on Henderson's frustration.

"Slavery? What slavery is there worse than men's building an idolatry out of their own worst vices? That, we must prevent here at all costs. It is the duty of people like ourselves to prevent it, Miss Leeds."

As if he could restrain himself no longer, Flint was on his feet, looking down at Monica, his eyes bright, intense. "For any intelligent writer to shirk that duty today is treason—treason to the traditions which have molded his intelligence." He caught himself abruptly, and then rushed on, the words rapid, explosive. "*Fact* recognizes that duty, Miss Leeds. Every writer for *Fact* is aware of it. You yourself recognize that duty. You indicate it in your work. Yet you have consistently refused to come in with us, to join forces with us." He paused, his eyes glittering. "You can't refuse longer, Miss Leeds."

Henderson, puzzled, stared at the man whose voice shook as he spoke.

Monica asked sharply, "What do you mean?"

Flint said, the words tumbling, "In a very short time, *Fact* is going on the air, Miss Leeds. On the air with a plan that will revolutionize radio. We'll bring history-in-the-making into every home in the land. Not pallidly dramatized as *Time* does. History itself! Living, raw, history-in-the-act. From key senders of our own in the world's turbulent spots, through our own short-wave facilities, our own broadcasting stations here in America. Our audience—*your* audience,

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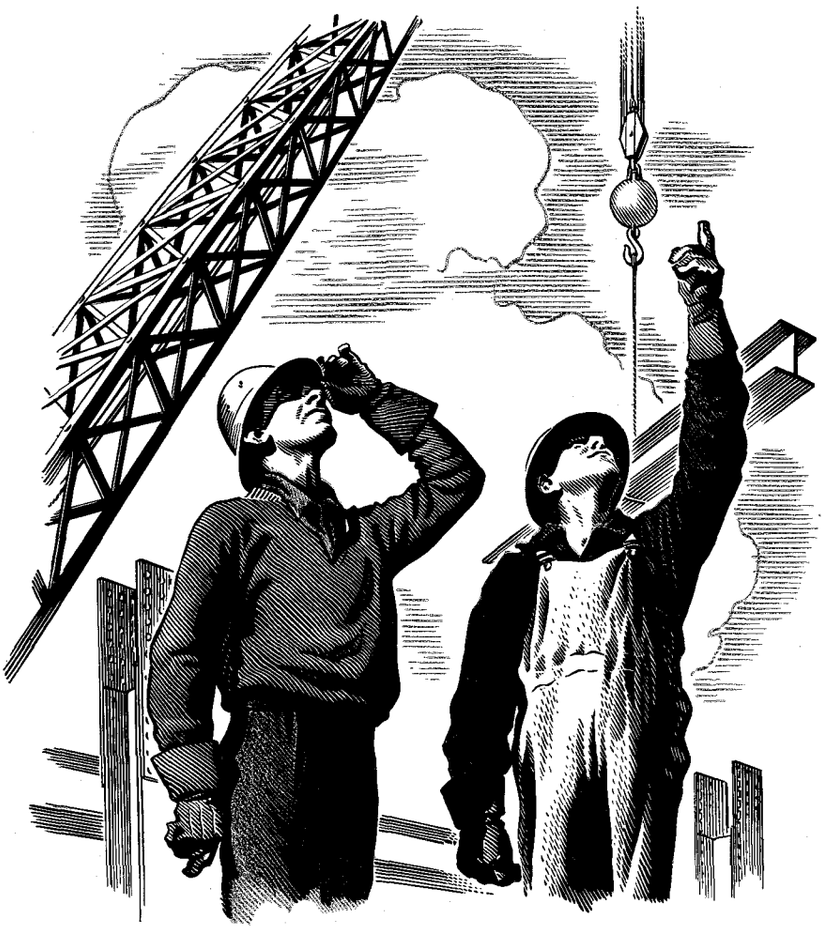

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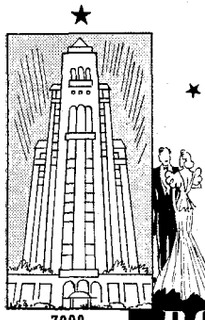

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Miss Leeds, will be the entire radio public."

"My audience?"

But Flint was not to be swerved in the swift tide of his enthusiasm. "*Fact* has gone as far as a publication with national circulation can go in reporting immediate news. There is now a minimum of lag between event and presentation. But that minimum of lag will always remain where the medium is the printed word. Radio is the solution! News by radio will require no more than *minutes* of editing and transmission. Under the present handicap, even *Fact's* writers must be at least four days from their readers." Flint broke off. "We will begin broadcasting five weeks from tomorrow. You, Miss Leeds, will be women's editor of *Fact-On-The-Air!*"

"Why do you say that?"

"As a writer for National Features Syndicate," Flint said, triumph hot in his words, "you are tonight a part of Fact, Incorporated."

There was a taut, unstable silence.

"What do you mean?"

"We've had an interest in National Features for some time," Flint said. "This afternoon that interest became a controlling one. As soon as present contracts run out, Miss Leeds, your column will be restricted to *Fact.*"

In the moment of silence that followed, Flint sank into a chair, sat there tensely.

Monica rose, walked to the radio murmuring in a corner of the room. She shut the instrument off and came back. Still standing, facing Flint, she said, her voice trembling, "If I have been, as you say, a member of Fact, Incorporated, since this afternoon, I can only apologize. I am giving you my resignation now. You will have it confirmed in writing in the morning."

Flint's eyes flashed. He straightened. "What?"

"I will not work for *Fact.* Do you want to know why? Because, in my opinion, you have made it a combination of the worst features of newspaper immediacy and magazine license. That is why. Your lust for immediacy leaves no room for honest interpretation. *Fact-On-The-Air* is the logical product of that lust. It appalls me."

Henderson looked at Flint. His face was granitic, only his burning eyes marking the wrath which Monica's words had whipped high.

When Flint spoke, his voice was unrecognizable. "Are you coming, Baird?"

Henderson said, "Not yet."

When Flint had gone, and the silence between the two of them had lengthened out, Henderson went to sit on the arm of Monica's chair. He took her shoulders, but instead of responding, she was rigid a moment, and then pushed him away to get up and walk toward the fire.

"Need you let it stand between *us?*" he asked.

She leaned against the mantel and touched an andiron with her toe. "I can't divide myself into logic-tight sections that easily, Baird."

"You think I should resign, too?"

"You may do exactly as you wish, Baird."

"But you don't like my staying with Flint?"

"I'm afraid I made clear how I felt about Flint."

Henderson's mouth tightened. "Don't be utopian. What could my leaving *Fact* do?"

"Nothing——"

"Of course."

"Except to you, Baird."

The fire crackled. At last Henderson asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

He went to her, took her shoulders, tried to turn her to him. "Darling, I know what you're going to do. You're going to marry me. Now. Tonight. This is——"

Genuine anger showed in the way she twisted away and whirled to face him. "*Must* you be banal?" she flashed.

Henderson's fatigue overwhelmed him suddenly. A spasm of rebellion twisted him.

When she spoke again, her voice was weary. "I think you had better go, Baird. I don't feel like quarreling."

"Neither do I." Henderson hesitated. "I'm sorry as hell, Monica," he said with a desperate sense of futility.

"Thanks."

The curt monosyllable made rebellion flame afresh in him. He turned, got his coat and hat, hesitated at the door, looked back. Monica was still staring into the fire.

Henderson took a step toward her.

She said, "Perhaps Flint will let you edit National Features now, Baird. You've been so successful with the magazine."

Henderson strode out of the apartment, his mouth bitter.

(*To be concluded*)

[This serial—like all short stories and novels in SCRIBNER'S—is fictional; the characters, the situations, and the names are fictional. If anyone should find his name here, it is a coincidence the writer tried to avoid.]

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The advertiser seeking the class market gets more readers for his dollar in *Vogue* than in the four others. An advertising dollar spent on a full page will buy: in *Vogue,* 109 readers; in the *Bazaar,* 100; in *Country Life,* 82; *The Spur,* 55; and *Town and Country,* 55. The same dollar will buy 327 readers of the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Despite this high cost, *Vogue's* record as a medium is impressive. For twenty-nine years, it has carried more advertising space than any other magazine in the women's field. For the last ten years its closest competitor, in linage, has been *Harper's Bazaar.* In February of this year only *The Saturday Evening Post,* among all magazines published, was ahead of it—and then by only a slim margin. The recession has not yet touched *Vogue.* It carried more advertising in April, 1938, than in April, 1937.

IV

THUS, while Mr. Hearst's publication empire is thrashing around in the dark, Mr. Nast is apparently beginning to see daylight again. He will never again see the lush days of 1929, but he is probably in a much sounder position than he was when that hysterical boom broke. There is a touch of irony in Nast's apparent ability to weather the Roosevelt recession. For the only violent prejudice held by this friendly, affable gentleman is his conviction that President Roosevelt is going to wreck the nation. At sixty-three, an age which his appearance denies, Nast looks precisely as the publisher of a luxury magazine should look. He leads exactly the life such a publisher should lead. His penthouse at 1040 Park Avenue is a penthouse of which little waitresses in Iowa railroad stations dream as the transcontinental limited flashes eastward in the night. His parties, never too frequent, but always excellent, constitute a gathering of the stage, the screen, the arts, and good substantial New York cash. It is undoubtedly a canard that Mr. Nast usually also invites three or four Seventh Avenue cloak-and-suit wholesalers who are potential advertisers and who might be impressed by a personal encounter with Miss Ina Claire.

A Condé Nast penthouse party—usually staged after an important Broadway opening—attracts such luminaries as Mrs. Harrison Williams, Elsa Maxwell, Miriam Hopkins, Mary Taylor, Gwili Andre, Cole Porter, Mrs. Harold Talbot, Mrs. Thomas Markoe Robertson, William Rhinelander Stewart, Beverly Bogert, Lord and Lady Cavendish, and Cecil Beaton. No, not Mr. Beaton any longer. He doesn't live there any more.

High Hat

(continued from page 21)

For *Vogue's* photographer and sketcher of lovely ladies is now, to put it mildly, in the doghouse. One of the unhappiest days of Condé Nast's life was January 26, 1938. A very splendid issue of *Vogue* reached the stalls that day. Among other features, momentarily reminiscent of *Vanity Fair,* was a piece by Frank Crowninshield called "The New Left Wing in New York Society." Young Beaton had drawn an artistic pictorial border for the article. It had been passed by all of *Vogue's* editors. But it was not until the issue was out that anyone discovered, hidden in the pictures, some violent aspersions against prominent Jews. Nast was deeply shocked. His publications, he said publicly, "must remain free from such attacks whether committed wittingly or unwittingly. . . ."

Young Beaton resigned from the *Vogue* staff—a not inconsiderable loss to the magazine, inasmuch as his personal following provided photographs of many an important lady as a clothes model. The Duchess of Windsor, the one-time Mrs. Simpson, had permitted Beaton unprecedented privileges in photographing her, for instance, and *Vogue* beat the world with a layout of the Duke and Duchess after their wedding. But apprehensions that the Seventh Avenue trade might black-list *Vogue* for the Beaton attack proved unfounded. No advertisements were cancelled. It was universally agreed that Nast had known nothing about Beaton's little trick. Nor has he, in his long history as a publisher, shown the faintest anti-Semitic traits.

V

THE battle in the class field today is between *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar.* Condé Nast's misfortune, to an extent, is that he develops many excellent young men and women in his organization and often loses them to Hearst. Paul MacNamara, the advertising manager of the *Bazaar,* is one of these. A shrewd and aggressive young Irishman, MacNamara was trained in the Nast method. Now, with the versatility of the advertising fraternity, he refutes, for the *Bazaar,* all of the arguments he once advanced for *Vogue.* Nast is unusually loyal to his subordinates, but he will sometimes decline to compete with Hearst when a raid occurs.

The most serious loss he has sustained thus far was when Carmel Snow (neé Carmel White), first lieutenant to Mrs. Chase, was lured from *Vogue* to become editor of *Harper's Bazaar.* This was in 1932, and he has undoubtedly regretted, ever since, that he allowed her to slip away. Slender, gray-haired, and blue-eyed, Mrs. Snow is to no small degree responsible for the stiff competition which the *Bazaar* is now offering. She had a decade or so of experience with *Vogue.* She knows her business thoroughly. *Vogue* may still have a slight edge as the more authentic fashion publication. But the *Bazaar* is coming along at a fast clip. From a publishing viewpoint, the Hearst magazine benefits from the fact that only fourteen issues, as compared with twenty-four a year for *Vogue,* are published. The two additional issues are for fall and spring openings. *Vogue* unquestionably loses heavily on its twice-a-month issues during the summer when business is light.

Both magazines, as a matter of fact, are authentic fashion journals. But both, I suspect, are a degree dated insofar as their value to the average well-to-do American woman, trying to be as smart as possible at the lowest cost, is concerned. There are indications that American women are getting independent, that they will no longer bow an obedient neck to all of the edicts of fashion. They are interested in being attractive and stylish, and if they must choose between style and charm, there is a chance, at least, that they will vote for charm. *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* are, on the whole, non-critical of fashion.

Short skirts are right. So are long, medium, full, narrow, or balloon skirts. "Short skirts spell youth," chirped *Vogue* when skirts were short. "The mode is growing up," it declared with throaty graciousness when skirts came down. "She has become a young woman of infinite grace and charm."

But this, no doubt, is what the women of America want to hear. The poor dears are, after all, more or less helpless. They have to buy what is in the stores—or the majority of them do. *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* have a very marked influence on what is in the stores. This is particularly true outside of New York. Their power increases in direct proportion to the distance from that metropolis. Our debt to them is profound. You can no longer tell a Kansas City girl from a San Francisco girl. For both have listened, often without knowing it, to the dicta of Mesdames Chase and Snow.

[This is the fifth article in our series on magazines that sell. The sixth will appear next month.]

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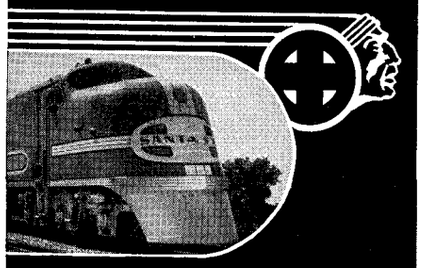
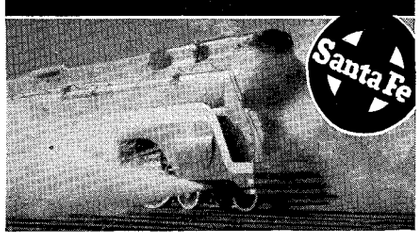
for speed
joined with
BEAUTY and RESTFULNESS



Super Chief
and the new
Chief

● For the utmost in swift, luxurious travel comfort to California this summer, Santa Fe presents 8 superb new trains streamlined in stainless steel—2 *Super Chiefs* and 6 *Chiefs* ● The *Super Chief* is the only solid-Pullman, extra-fare Diesel-electric drawn 39¾-hour transcontinental train. It departs from Chicago Tuesday and Saturday evenings; from Los Angeles, Tuesdays and Fridays ● The *Chief*—extra-fare solid-Pullman—is the finest and many-hours-fastest of all Chicago-Los Angeles *daily* trains ● Advance reservations on these superb trains are advisable, and may be arranged through any railroad ticket office or travel agency.

T. B. Gallaher, P.T.M.
Santa Fe System Lines
1167 Railway Exchange, Chicago



1938 IS A SANTA FE YEAR

The Great Speedup

(continued from page 30)

forced to reduce its pace about the time it gets going.

It would be easy to make a lot of rash predictions about further speed-ups on main routes, but considering the prophecies of thirty-five years ago, it's more sensible to examine the facts. As noted before, speed-ups in the immediate future will depend upon steadier running, like that between New York and Chicago, rather than a great increase in maximum velocity. A good, honest guess is that fairly soon they can and may be accelerated by ten or fifteen per cent. For instance, the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific would use only two days (provided the Chicago delay can be straightened out). You could make it now, if you had $6000 for a special train and didn't mind getting $20,000 worth of publicity for it. The railroads could take you there in 50 hours—say 14 hours from New York to Chicago and 36 the rest of the way—without spiking a switch or installing an extra crossing watchman.

Just as important, maybe, is the speed-up of semi-local, secondary trains. The Rock Island's *Rockets,* such as the one from Chicago to Des Moines; the three streamliners between Dallas and Houston, Texas; the Burlington's smaller *Zephyrs*—these and many other short-haul trains, generally making several local stops and yet on mile-a-minute running time, are fetching customers who easily could have driven or taken the bus. There aren't so many of them yet, but they are gaging the railroads' ability to attract less promising traffic with surprising success.

IV

Naturally, it costs more to run a train fast. The best maintained lines in the country have had to toss an average of $500 a mile to spruce up their tracks for 100-mile-an-hour speeds; and often stupendous sums have had to be spent on straightening out a few of those miles. Then, engines rolling at 90 are harder on the track and heavier rail must be laid. In many cases signals must be spaced differently. A train running 60 miles an hour can be brought to a safe if not very comfortable stop in a thousand feet; running at 100 miles an hour it requires three times the distance.

You need more locomotive to roll at high speed. In the case of a steam engine, you need a bigger, modern boiler, and in the case of the Diesel-electric, more motors and much weight. Incidentally, that is one of the reasons the Diesel-electric does not seem to have the brilliant future in high-speed service that its ballyhoo has claimed. The 5400-horse-power Diesel-electric hauling the new *City of San Francisco* cost nearly five times as much as and weighs nearly a third more than a steam engine of the same capacity. This means it costs

The Ten Fastest

Fastest Scheduled Start-to-Stop Run: *City of Denver*, Grand Island to Columbus, Neb., 62 miles at average of 81.3 m.p.h.

Fastest Scheduled Trip Over 2000 Miles: *City of Los Angeles*, Chicago to Los Angeles, 2299 miles at average of 58 m.p.h.

Fastest Scheduled Trip Over 1000 Miles: *City of Denver*, Denver to Chicago, 1048 miles at average of 67 m.p.h.

Fastest Scheduled Start-to-Stop Run Over 100 Miles: *Super Chief*, La Junta, Colo., to Dodge City, Kan., 202 miles at average of 78.3 m.p.h.

Fastest Scheduled Non-Stop Run by Steam: *Twentieth Century Limited*, Elkhart to Toledo, 133 miles at average of about 75 m.p.h. (schedule not ready when this went to press).

Fastest Special Run: *Denver Zephyr*, Chicago to Denver, 1017 miles at average of 83.3 m.p.h., on Oct. 23, 1936.

Fastest Time Ever Made With a Train: *Pennsylvania Special*, at Elida, Ohio, three miles at 127.2 m.p.h., on June 12, 1905.

Fastest Time Ever Made on Rails: Propeller-driven car on German State Railways, 143 m.p.h., in 1932.

Fastest Railroad: The Pennsylvania, with about 12,000 miles averaging a mile a minute or more from start to stop, scheduled daily.

Fastest Locomotive: The Milwaukee Road's *Hiawatha* engines, which "cruise" at 100, can pull a pay load at 130 or 140 m.p.h.

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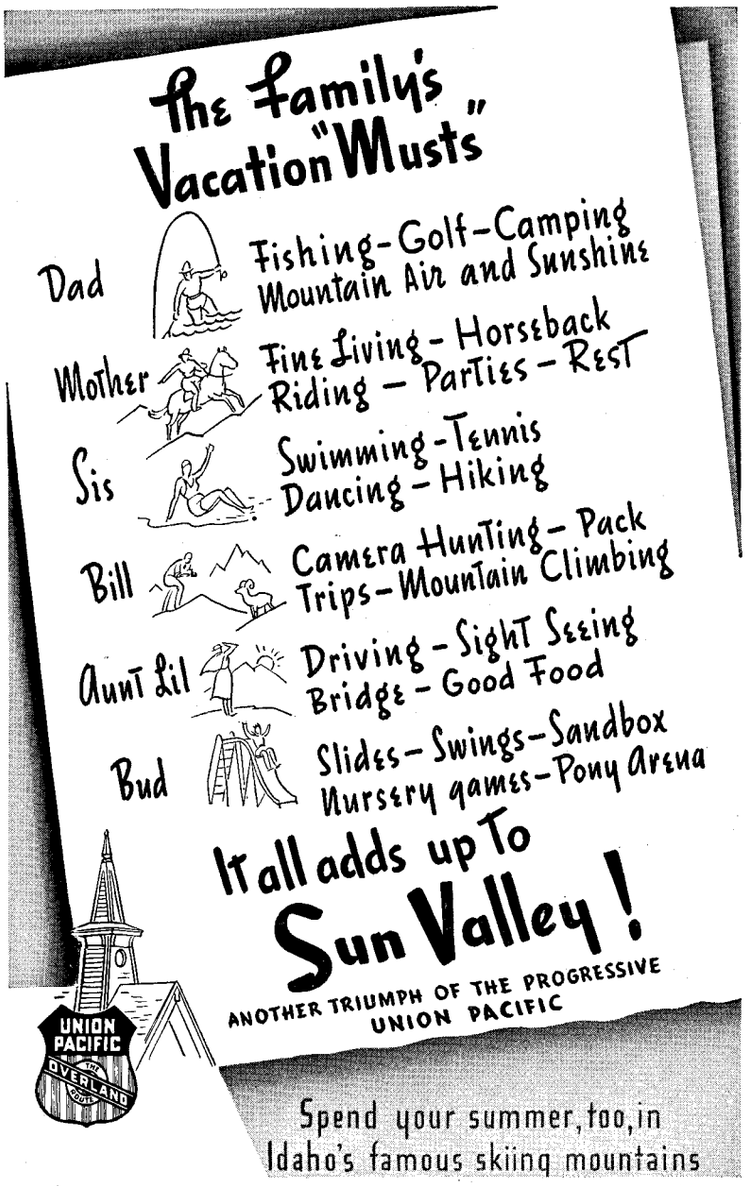
about $135 a day more to own and probably is more expensive to operate, too. If the Pennsylvania and New York Central, which have more fast runs than all other American railroads put together, were to replace their steamers with Diesel-electrics, they would bankrupt themselves. When it comes to acceleration above 30 miles an hour, which is most in demand on fast runs where few stops are made, a steam locomotive is vastly superior to its competitor; and a *modern* one can be operated just as far without change.

There are some very clear technical advantages in high speed. The faster equipment travels, the more mileage it covers in a day, and the lower are its fixed charges per mile. This can easily mean a saving of $100 a day. Too, the faster a train gets over the line, the more room there is for other traffic. The Burlington was delighted to find that its *Denver Zephyr,* which scoots over the single track at an average of 75 miles an hour, was relieving congestion and making railroading less costly. The Pennsylvania has had much the same experience between New York and Washington, and would probably run its trains swiftly there whether you give a hang or not. Swifter trains also mean shorter hours for enginemen and trainmen, though this has not been translated into lower costs because they are paid by the mile, not the hour.

Instead of stimulating accidents, high velocity seems to have done the opposite. Despite a great increase in the number of swift trains and a ten-percent rise in passenger volume, 1937 showed only three passenger deaths and 536 injuries, against seven deaths and 742 injuries in 1936, which was about the best year on record. When they contemplate such facts, however, railroad men cross their fingers and knock on wood, and, with their appalling modesty, never call attention to the comparative or detailed aspects of their record. But even the most rapid trains have been in potentially bad accidents (not due to railroad negligence), and have come through all right. Once the *Texas Rocket,* traveling 75 miles an hour, hit a truck on a grade crossing, but nobody on the train was hurt. (The truck driver wasn't, either; but that was just his own good luck.) Other such accidents have proved the essential safety of the combination of steel cars, steel wheels, and steel rails at the swiftest pace; and they, together with the statistics just quoted, justify the prediction that the accident rate won't rise as the speed-up progresses.



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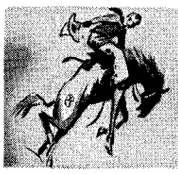

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OTTO HESS

Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

When a kid in knee pants climbed upon the bandstand of a Mississippi river boat fifteen years ago, Bix Beiderbecke said, "Go away, boy. Don't mess around with the instruments." But Benny Goodman had his own clarinet, and he has come a long way with it since Bix, now dead and immortal, popped his eyes as the youngster played a thing or two right in the groove with the rest of them.

Today, practitioners of a more ancient school of music might be tempted to tell this same Goodman not to mess around with Mozart. But Goodman's clarinet has the answer to that one, too. Of the many things that have come with hot jazz, and its recent resurgence as swing, none is more surprising than this curious union between the products of conservatory and honky-tonk, to wit: the playing of Mozart's *Quintet for clarinet and strings* (No. 581 in Herr Köchel's list, if you must be academic) by Professor "Killer-Diller" Goodman and the Budapest String Quartet (Victor set No. M-452).

If you think that Mr. Goodman, whose conservatories were mainly places like Chicago's Lincoln Gardens and Harlem's erstwhile sultry Savoy, rides the *allegro, larghetto, menuetto,* and *allegretto con variazione* of this exquisite quintet as he is accustomed to knock around *My Gal Sal* or *China Boy,* you will be disappointed, or delighted—depending, of course, on the kind of music deepest in your affection. There are no improvisations in this recording, although I am certain that had Mozart written his work for Benny Goodman and the modern clarinet, rather than for Anton Stadler and the eighteenth-century development of the chalumeau, he would have made provisions for a cadenza or two. There is a quality of ensemble playing here such as few symphony orchestra clarinetists can equal when they sit in with a strange chamber group. But Benny has been matching licks with the most imaginative jazz improvisors for so long that his intuitive sense of what the other fellow will probably do next is so developed as to make ensemble work mere child's play when the music is in full sight.

It cannot be said that Benny's phrasing follows conventional Mozart style, yet throughout the work I find occasional stretches—particularly in the idyllic second trio of the minuet—in which his original phrasing enhances rather than violates the true spirit of the composer. It is in the dance measures, however, such as the minuet and some of the variations in the last movement, that the King of Swing's playing achieves a happy plasticity and supplies a verve I've never heard in Town Hall.

Finally, his tone is ideally suited to Mozart's music, and its blend with the superb strings of one of the greatest of present-day quartets is virtually perfect. The transparency of the texture is retained in an especially fine-grained recording. The *Quintet in A* isn't a "killer-diller" for swing fans, but the more curious species of jitterbug will discover through this unusual recording a thrill unsuspected in a kind of music sometimes laughingly referred to as "serious" or "classical."

It seems significant to me that, while many of the most respected music critics of the country have made little if any attempt to understand Benny Goodman's kind of music, he finds himself so much at home in theirs. From Mozart to *Dizzy Spells* is quite a leap, but it can be negotiated. The ensemble work in this latest invention of the Goodman Quartet (clarinet, vibraphone, piano, and drums) is remarkably fine, the parts and improvisations so magnificently integrated that it is easy to see what musicians like Joseph Szigeti and the members of the Budapest String Quartet admire in performances of this type. *Sweet Lorraine* is a milder affair by the Trio, containing some splendid piano work by Teddy Wilson (who isn't bad in Mozart either) and beautifully played clarinet (Victor No. 25822).

As Goodman already has most of this month's column, I should call your attention to *The Kingdom of Swing* (Random House) which will be off the press sometime in the near future. Written by Otis Ferguson, whose pertinent comments on various phases of the popular arts frequently enliven the pages of *The New Republic,* this book about Goodman promises a great deal more than the usual ghost-written autobiography of a successful entertainer.

On the subject of books about jazz, one that I have read I can recommend highly. Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With a Horn* (a Houghton Mifflin fellowship novel, $2.50) was inspired, in her own words, "by the music, not the life, of Leon (Bix) Beiderbecke, who died in the year 1931."

Rick Martin's career may not parallel Bix's rise and fall in detail, but the broader similarities are unmistakable. As you follow his leaps from one band to another, and his education, which was exclusively musical and in the hands of five Negro cats in a Los Angeles "Cotton Club," you cannot fail to recognize such personalities as Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Gene Goldkette, and Paul Whiteman. The novel is unusually well-written, and Miss Baker's characters come to life amid scenes whose authenticity no dyed-in-the-wool jitterbug will contest, nor a cat deny.

Scribner's Recommends:

The following records, selected from various musical classifications, as outstanding among recent and current publications:

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LORD BERNERS: *The Triumph of*

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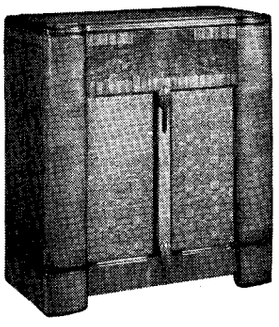

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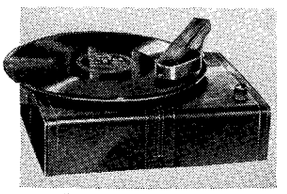

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Neptune—Ballet Suite. The London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set No. X-92.

Chamber Music

CESAR FRANCK: *Sonata in A.* Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Arthur Rubinstein, piano. Victor set No. M449.

Vocal

MAHLER: *Ich Bin Der Welt Abhanden Gekommen.* Kirsten Thorborg, contralto, with Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. Columbia No. 4201M.

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic

(*see page* 31)

1. GULLS, by Alan Green, 485 Madison Avenue, New York. A Leica camera with Elmar 50 m. lens, bright sunlight, 1/100 sec. exposure, f6.3 aperture. Mr. Green used a No. 1 Leitz red filter to darken the sky and bring out the whiteness of the gulls.

2. MACDOUGAL ALLEY, by Alexander Alland, 67 Seventh Avenue, New York. Linhof (3¼ x 4¼) camera. Zeiss-Protar 4½" lens, exposure 1/10 sec., aperture f12.

3. PIGS, by Torkel Korling, Black Star Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. Taken early in the morning at the Chicago stockyards. Korona View Camera with 6" Turner-Reich Convertible Anastigmat lens, exposure 1/25 sec., aperture f8.

4. PUPPY LOVE, by William D. Barkley, Globe Photos, 33 West 42nd Street, New York. The camera was a 3¼ x 4¼ Model D Graflex with 15 cm. Zeiss Tessar lens, exposure 1/80 sec., aperture f8.

5. THE POTATO CUTTERS, by F. Earl Williams, Agawam, Mass. A 620 Kodak again. Lens f3.5, exposure 1/50 sec., aperture f9. The light was strong.

6. AIR MEET, by Marion Johnson, 14 East Walton Street, Chicago, Ill. This was taken in bright sunlight at Lambert Airport, St. Louis. Zeiss Tessar f4.5 lens, 1/100 sec. exposure, f16 aperture, K-2 filter.

7. NAUTICAL GEOMETRY, by William S. Spring, 85 St. Andrews Place, Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Spring used an Eastman Kodak Model 620. The lens was f4.5 Anastigmat, exposure 1/25 sec., aperture f16, film Agfa Superpan, K-2 filter.

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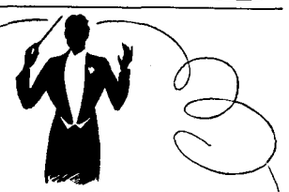

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

This is a letter to two authors. One of them, Granville Hicks, has just written a book called *I Like America* (Modern Age, 50 cents). The other, Louis Adamic, has put together a great deal of sensitive notebook writing, character studies, beautiful storytelling, and some superior magazine journalism into a sprawling, chaotic volume called *My America* (Harper, $3.75). Granville Hicks is from New England; his eight great-grandparents were all born in this country. Louis Adamic is an immigrant from Slovenia; his brothers are still turning the ancestral soil in the little Balkan province of Carniola. Both Mr. Hicks and Mr. Adamic are radicals; both have a lot to say about the third of the nation that is ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed. But Mr. Hicks is inclined to get his knowledge of America from books, and frequently misses the psychological "feel" of the country, while Mr. Adamic, an incorrigible traveler, is always poking behind the statistical aggregates for the real flavor of the United States.

Dear Louis and Granville: I have been reading your books and meditatively repeating to myself a line from Archibald MacLeish: "It is a strange thing to be an American." It is, indeed, although not in quite the way MacLeish meant. MacLeish was thinking of the nostalgia of the expatriate 1920's when he wrote that line, and neither of you are partial to that mood. But it is strange that you, Louis, a Slav from a little Balkan village, can be more sensitively American than a son of long-established Puritan stock.

I say this in no derogation of you, Granville. We have frequently disagreed, and you, as a Communist party-liner, probably think I am a softie, a sellout to the capitalist world, a Trotskyite, a rat, et cetera. But even if you call me rat, I will persist in believing that you are talented, likeable, extremely courageous—and unable to comprehend the infinite variety of human beings. As you show in your book, which is designed to convert Americans to Communism as "20th century Americanism" —a phony, manufactured slogan, by the way—you are as profoundly American as William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown, men of single-minded devotion and overmastering zeal. But you, Louis, belong to another and, to my mind, greater American tradition: the tradition whose greatest exemplar is Abraham Lincoln, the intuitive man of sorrows. Now, Louis, don't blush; I'm not rating you with Lincoln in that tradition. All I'm trying to say is that you are a fine analyst of men—as witness your chapters on Sinclair Lewis and Phil La Follette and Benjamin Stolberg and Edward Adams Cantrell—and a warm reporter of events. As for you, Granville, you are a splendid partisan, and causes need partisans. Of course, I wish you'd be more analytical of what constitutes a good American before you try to make all of us over to fit your pattern. If you will read Louis's story of his friend Cantrell, you'll see what I mean.

Like you, Granville, I am a product of the lower middle class. I am not very courageous, certainly not in a physical way, and I don't relish the idea of dying on the barricades for any side in what you self-consciously term the class struggle. But I have an ideal of what an American should be, and I am pleased that you, Louis, hold more or less the same ideal. An American should be democratic, equalitarian, progressive, as *My America* says both explicitly and by implication. Like you, Louis, I am made uncomfortable by flunkyism of any sort; nothing makes me feel more embarrassed for the human race than obsequiousness in waiters, doormen, chauffeurs, ward heelers, government employees, or Communist intellectuals. I like the sort of job you can do without giving orders; as for taking them, I don't mind as long as they are agreed on in advance. I like to do my work well, or as well as I am able, but I should hate to feel compelled to fake any "office" or "organization" spirit, or to play office or party or palace politics. I don't like monopolists, or the sort of people Phil La Follette calls "collectors," unless they do something extremely worth while with what they collect. I am aware, Granville, that none of these feelings should keep a product of the lower middle class from "taking his stand"—another

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cliché of yours—with the Working Class. But somehow I don't like your way of shuffling people into black-and-white categories.

Your idea seems to be that only a monolithic party, heading up into a monolithic state, with all fruitful group struggles forever suppressed, can be the sure guardian of what is Good for the Working Class. You seem to be unaware that some businesses are naturally monopolies and should be in the hands of the state, while others might well be left to private competition for twenty years, forty years, or even forever so far as anyone can know at present. You seem unaware of the psychological problems that crop up in administration; you blithely overlook the human cussedness that can rumple up any *gosplan* blueprint drawn for an entire continent. It appears to me that you are a young-man-in-a-hurry, and I have noticed that young-men-in-a-hurry often tend to sacrifice people to a Plan instead of making pragmatic plans for varied groups of people—or, better yet, encouraging people and groups to make plans for themselves. I am afraid that your Party, if it ever achieved power in terms of its existing personnel, would stand pat on a program for material security and cease utterly to work for psychological freedom within the orbit of that security. Now, like yourself, I am definitely *for* material security; I haven't Miss Dorothy Thompson's letch for freedom even at the price of starvation. But I don't want to lick any man's boots to get it. The tendency to deify the "leader" is as distasteful to me when it comes under the Left guise as it is when it comes under the Right.

This brings me around to your Party identification. As Louis says, your Party has done many courageous things, such as organizing the unemployed and fighting for decent relief. But it has been my observation—probably colored by periodic residence in New York City—that your Party requires a good deal of mental bootlicking, from its intellectual servitors. Its critical literature is a literature of the Grand Kowtow. Your Party demands obeisance to the political "line." It demands a certain interpretation of events in Russia that can never be justified on human grounds whether there is "treason"—defined as such by the Party leaders—or not. You speak often of the "united" front or the "popular" front. But you want a "united" front with only those who won't argue about programs or means in given situations. You resent even the most well-meaning criticism, tending to confuse it with something called "Red-baiting."

You, Louis, know that monolithism of any kind—whether Leninist, Stalinist, Trotskyist, or Hitlerite—is spiritual death. Your book is a pæan to the tolerant, experimental way of doing things. You have been hard on Granville in your book, but you have been justly hard. In spite of that, I think you'd like many things in Granville's book—his tenderness when he speaks of New England, his self-respect about his right to academic freedom, his idealism. But you would never succumb, as he has succumbed, to the idea that political monolithism is for America. You believe in the derided institutions that come to a head in *parliamentarism*—which is simply to say that you believe in the free combat of opinion in the market place. And that means that *your* America is the America that must be preserved even if economic collectivism—preferably the Swedish kind, if I have any say about it—is with us to stay. I wish Granville would read your book and take it to his heart. He will, if he isn't too proud to retreat from a position that is untenable in America.

In Short

Fiction

THE UGLY DACHSHUND, by G. B. Stern. Dog story with doggish plot and human satire. Waggish high life on the Riviera leavened by the so cynical philosophy of the griffon from Paris. No sentimentality confines the pleasure of this book to dog lovers. G. B. Stern can say it out of the mouths of dogs. Macmillan, $1.75.

MY SON, MY SON!, by Howard Spring. Two fathers dedicate their sons to fill spaces left empty by their own need of material success. A weaving of many characters, the Irish struggle, the War, and the devastation of emotional mistakes make an absorbing chronicle of two generations. A book for every father and every son. Viking, $2.50.

TOWERS IN THE MIST, by Elizabeth Goudge. Author of *A City of Bells* uses the sixteenth-century-university setting for a pleasant tale of impoverished Faithful Crocker's education in Oxford. Characters: Gypsies, Canon Leigh, with eight children and assorted pets, Philip Sydney, Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth. Scenes: The classroom prison, town riots, countryside. Some are romantic, some are realistic. Top-rank light fiction. Coward-McCann, $2.50.

I LOST MY GIRLISH LAUGHTER, by Jane Allen. Fact or fiction, a story as told by secretary of a Hollywood producer. Fast as a cataract, funny as a crutch, an irresistible wow about untenable positions. Random House, $2.

KINDLING, by Nevil Shute. A novel of English business life. A middle-aged financier turned idealist by accident, floats a gigantic swindle which successfully puts a dead shipping town back to work. The hero gains a soul, a wife, and finds himself in jail. Sophisticated reading, amusing social philosophy. Morrow, $2.50.

Nonfiction

D'ANNUNZIO, by Tom. Antongini. The famous Italian's intimate friend, publisher, and secretary of many years paints an intimate picture of the patriot, poet, lover. An amazing X-ray of a modern hero-personality. It's not mild, but it satisfies. Little, Brown, $5.

WE TOO ARE THE PEOPLE, by Louise V. Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong was for three years in charge of relief in a Michigan county, population 15,000. This is her touching, lucid, personal record, presenting a vivid picture of backwash America, already down at the heels when the depression knocked out the final props of subsistence living. Illuminating. Little, Brown, $3.

MAN THE SLAVE AND MASTER, A Biological Approach to the Potentialities of Modern Society, by Mark Graubard. A philosophical study of man's place in the biologic world related to society as a whole. The book attempts to correlate basic scientific principle to problems of society and custom. It is a plan for basic knowledge as an instrument for solution of modern thought. Covici, Friede, $3.50.

Mysteries

Murder on Safari, by Elspeth Huxley (Harper, $2), is one that the connoisseur of detective stories just mustn't miss. The scene is "Chania," a British colony in Africa; the detective is Vachell of the C.I.D.; the murdered persons are a wealthy noblewoman who first loses her jewels—the reason why Vachell was

*NOTE:—The more cops, the better the mystery.

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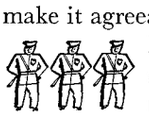
called in—and then her life, and a too utterly utter young Englishman who knows just a bit too much to live any longer; and the murderer is pretty well beyond suspicion, though always in sight, until the end. No other man hunt this month is likely to give better sport.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is back at Monte Carlo again, and all is jake! His most recent two volumes have been slightly on the sour side, but in *Colossus of Arcadia* (Little, Brown, $2), the magic wheel spins and the croupiers drone the famous formulae, lovely ladies and faultlessly groomed men bust the bank, champagne flows like Niagara—and behind all the gaiety there is the Black Shadow of a War that will set All Europe Aflame, unless One Man is foiled. The old familiar faces. But it is entertainment at its slickest and most diverting.

Francis Beeding's *The Black Arrows* (Harper, $2) is another tale of international intrigue, and slightly sterner stuff than the Oppenheim opus. The hero, John Crowder, an English secret agent sent out to help the Italian Government scotch a super-Fascist group that would oust the Duce, misses death by a fraction in the first chapter and is in peril on practically every page. Not quite so tightly constructed as earlier Beedings, but good for an idle evening.

Lilies for Madame, by Hugh Austin (Crime Club, $2), rings the changes on the old impersonation motif. Jean Wren, the penniless heroine, takes the place of Georgia Lore, a night-club beauty with a smirched past, on a South American cruise. The real Georgia Lore is then murdered, and the trouble begins. A touch on the lurid side, but with lush moments that make it agreeable.



It's a bit too long, but for shrewd plotting, tense atmosphere, and sound deduction *They Talked of Poison,* by March Evermay (Macmillan, $2), deserves an extra good mark. The murderees are a Southern pastor and his daughter. The narrator—who has a couple of fingers in the solution of the case—is the daughter of the professorial specialist in crime at whose home occurred the inexplicable poisoning of a pet dog that started the baneful ball rolling. And the crime is finally broken by an observant and likeable cop. The identity of the killer is a moot matter until the final *omnium gatherum,* and the reader may be slightly annoyed because the guilty one has not been very much to the fore in the preceding chapters.

Morris Ernst

(continued from page 11)

one and a shirtmaker, he registered as a Republican, then removed his name from the rolls and played along as an independent until a couple of years ago when he registered in the American Labor Party. In the interim he has supported Democrats, Socialists, Laborites, Republicans, Pro- and Anti-New Dealers; but mostly he's a New Dealer.

It is unlikely that anything short of a greater political revolution than we have yet seen will find Ernst in a public office. No Jim Farley, of whatever partisan complexion, could trust him around a corner. Though a member of a law firm with considerable Wall Street practice, Ernst opposes in a public way about all that the Street holds sacred. Though a Jew, he's against Zionism. He is a liberal who has no use for Stalin's way of running the U.S.S.R. He helped organize the movement to save the Scottsboro boys from the rope, and was counsel for Americans whom the Hearst papers wanted to indict for treason when they enlisted in Spain's Loyalist Army. Ernst's reason for holding out from the American Bar Association is because it would not admit Negroes. When the Association invited him to join, he wrote back asking whether colored attorneys were eligible for membership. In return he received an apology which he treasures. It says that the invitation was sent under the assumption that Ernst was white.

IV

Morris Leopold Ernst is a small man, broad-shouldered and vital-looking, with a keen, apperceptive face and an easy manner which can change in a minute to something that just misses being too aggressive. He dresses well and quietly. He was born in Alabama, the son of a country general-store keeper. When Morris was under two years old, the family moved to New York, where the elder Ernst invested in real estate and made a comfortable living. Finishing high school at sixteen, Morris went to Williams College, finding that institution none too cordial to Jewish boys, particularly those without an abundance of means. Nevertheless, Morris attained to some prominence on the campus. Graduating in 1909, he went into the shirt business, but at the end of a year was attending night classes at the New York Law School. At the end of another year he quit shirts to sell furniture in Ludwig Baumann's Brooklyn store. In 1915 the law partnership of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst was formed. In his first year of practice the junior partner made one-sixth of what he had made in the furniture store where he had risen to manager.

At that Ernst thinks he was probably overpaid on the basis of his worth to the law firm. "Very quickly I realized the inadequacy of my part-time preparation. I started out to make up for it by exhibitionism, and have never recovered." Ernst does not pretend to find this mode of escape uncongenial. "I like publicity as well as the guy who says he doesn't. As a good many of my professional associates know, I am not a good office lawyer. We have boys in our office who know more law than I do. As an outside man, however, occasionally I do pretty well."

By this, Ernst means that he is a good trial lawyer. That was foreshadowed by the first case he took into court, defending a small jeweler sued by a woman who had paid him sixteen dollars to reset a diamond. The stone had come out and was lost. The woman sought to recover on the basis of faulty workmanship. Ernst established that on leaving the jeweler's she had gone home in an elevated train, a conveyance notorious for bumps and jolts which might conceivably loosen any stone from its setting. He won the case.

The firm of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst now occupies about twenty rooms, teeming with bright youngsters who are paid above the going rate. If they don't get their names in the newspapers, they are no worse off, in that respect, than Ernst's partners. On the wall of Ernst's office are autographed photographs of Mr. Justice Brandeis and of the late Chief Justice William Howard Taft.

Ernst's city residence is a four-story brick house just off lower Fifth Avenue, built in 1840. His cocktail parties and dinners are distinguished for the diversity of the guests, among whom one may find Russell Leffingwell, a Morgan partner, Earl Browder, head man of the Communist Party, Sally Rand, H. G. Wells, John L. Lewis, Edna Ferber, Walter Lippmann, and Homer Martin. He calls all except Mr. Wells and Miss Ferber by their first names—probably on second meeting. No one seems to know Wells' first name and for some reason, to Ernst, Miss Ferber is simply "Ferber," which is more impressive.

The other Ernst homes are a farm in New Jersey for week ends and a cottage on Nantucket Island where they spend three months in the summer, Morris

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abandoning the practice of law in favor of literature, navigation, and carpentry.

Mrs. Ernst is a personage in her own right, though in company she lets her husband shine. She was Margaret Samuels, of an old Natchez, Mississippi, family. She worked on the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and now teaches in the City and Country School. When Jean, their youngest child, was six months old, she was left completely deaf by infantile paralysis. Her father called in all the specialists he could find. They said the case was hopeless. Then he began consulting radio engineers. After years of experimentation, they have developed an apparatus, adjusted to Jean's personal wave length. Today she can hear through this. She has learned to speak and has a wide vocabulary. Ernst calls the achievement his "miracle," and this does not seem to be an overstatement. The story belongs with that of Miss Sullivan and her pupil, Helen Keller. It is an outgrowth of Ernst's pioneer interest in radio which began, as one might expect, fighting air censorship.

V

Ernst has written five books, innumerable magazine articles, and a love story which *Cosmopolitan* bought for $500—"unaware," says the author, "that I would have given $500 to be able to say it had been accepted." Ernst describes one of the books as "cheap and sensational," the others, "middling to good." Estimates of professional reviewers are higher, a jury of distinguished critics adjudging *The Ultimate Power* one of the ten best works of nonfiction of 1937. Ernst traces the development of the Supreme Court, reaching the conclusion that Congress should have the power, by a two-thirds vote of both houses, to set aside the high tribunal's decisions. Incidentally, he was hot for Mr. Roosevelt's Court packing plan when it was introduced, but he got disgusted with the way the President's tacticians handled the fight. Ernst believes he could have done a lot better.

The book Ernst calls cheap is a blast against movie censorship entitled *Censored,* written in partnership with Pare Lorentz, the movie critic. Another, *America's Primer,* appeared in 1931, charting a broad new way of things in which one may discern several of the fundamentals of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal. A highly favorable review of this work appeared in the New York *Post* under the name of Malachi Forsyte. As guest reviewer, relieving Harry Hansen in the *World-Telegram,* the same Malachi Forsyte gave *America's Primer* another bang-up notice. Asked if Malachi Forsyte were a pen name for Morris Ernst, Morris Ernst replied: "Yes, and that's what you call promotion."

Ernst is a chronic contributor to *The Nation.* During Christmas vacation in 1931 he wrote a piece enumerating eighty-eight things he would like to see come to pass in the United States. Some of them suggest that Ernst had been reading F. D. Roosevelt's mind again; the germs of the N.R.A., the T.V.A., the A.A.A., and of the eventual New Deal attitude toward public-utility companies and the Supreme Court are there. Other suggestions await a newer deal than Mr. Roosevelt's: abolition of army and navy appropriations; six-hour working day; government operation of telephone and telegraph lines; administration of milk, bread, and coal supplies as public utilities.

During the Sinclair-Doheny oil scandals, Ernst brightened the pages of *The Nation* with an editorial deprecating John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s silence. Within two weeks, Mr. Rockefeller began his fight to oust Robert W. Stewart, tarred with the Sinclair stick, from the presidency of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Assuming this to be more than a coincidence, Ernst wrote a congratulatory letter to Rockefeller, revealing himself as the author of the editorial. Mr. Rockefeller's reply was cordial enough: if wealth brings a man great responsibilities, so does the power that resides in the hands of "you men of the pen." Ernst loved that—being rated an influential man of the pen.

To keep the watch fires of publicity burning, Ernst has never been accused of appropriating the ideas of others. That wouldn't be necessary. He hatches more serviceable ideas of his own than he can use. Friends are welcome to the surplus. Dr. Gregory Mason, the anthropologist, tells of the time he returned from a South American expedition and called on Ernst to unravel a snarl in his personal affairs. Mason was relating his story when the lawyer's phone rang and Ernst began talking to a person addressed as "Dorothy." At the end of fifteen minutes Mason's own troubles seemed as a feather by contrast with the dire description of the state of the nation which Ernst poured into the ear of Dorothy. Next morning the scientist picked up a *Herald Tribune* and there, he says, it was all set forth in Dorothy Thompson's column.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 38)

1. Canadian Pacific (3)
2. Steam Navigation (3)
3. Island in the British West Indies (3)
4. Start a national third political party (3)
5. Grouse (2)
6. Made perfectly airtight (2)
7. Robert Lansing (3)
8. The first Sunday after the first full moon beginning March 21 (3)
9. 8 (2)
10. The birth of a new baby to Mrs. Dionne (3)
11. Aerial (3)
12. Hard water and leisurely chewing (1)
13. Cartoonist [Toonerville Trolley] (1)
14. Franco-Prussian War (3)
15. American Tel. & Tel. Co. (5)
16. Your distance above sea level (3)
17. Typhus fever (2)
18. An ancient symbol of good luck (4)
19. Lying down and going to sleep (2)
20. Norman H. Davis (3)
21. Grover Whalen (4)
22. On his estate at Northampton, Mass. (1)
23. Viola players (4)
24. Japan has paid for the *Panay* sinking (1)
25. Hamilton (2)
26. Telemark (5)
27. 70 to 80 (5)
28. Pennsylvania (3)
29. Louisiana (3)
30. Queen of Egypt (4)
31. A full-grown gorilla (2)
32. Combined to maintain prices (1)
33. Law (2)
34. Elizabeth Hawes (3)
35. Russia (5)
36. Shepherds and hunters (4)
37. GOO-gaws (2)
38. Poults (5)
39. The Dept. of Commerce (1)
40. Herbert Hoover [West Branch, Ia.] (6)
41. Short-haired and spotted (3)
42. Melted butter (1)
43. Irish fishermen dragging for halibut (3)
44. Haydn (3)
45. Philippine independence (2)
46. 30 to 34 (4)
47. See his son Warren married (2)
48. Buick (5)
49. Corn [2,561,000,000 bu. in 1937 estimate] (2)
50. A long, two-lane, highway bridge (2)

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"one thing. You know we did not do it?"

"Yes, I believe that," I said.

Luckily, the tide was right, running into the creek swiftly, and we drifted away from the ketch into the darkness. I held the oars until no sound could carry back and then I bent to them strongly.

It was a good two hours' haul, going with the current to the place where the bank came nearest the highway. I beached the skiff there and lifted Andres out. I carried him through the swampy, matted growth in the darkness, going a few yards at a time, pushing my way through the whipping branches, putting him down every few moments to get my breath. It was only an eighth of a mile to the highway, but it seemed as though we'd never reach it. But we got out of it at last, and I propped him against a tree and waited with him by the roadside.

It was nearly morning when the first headlights appeared, looking pale in the reddish light that was spreading under the gray eastern sky. I ran back into the bush and hid there and watched. I saw Andres flashing the electric torch, lying there by the tree, waving it as the headlights came nearer, and then I saw the truck slow down and stop. I watched the two men get out and pick him up and carry him to the truck and drive away toward Miami. Then I turned and started back to the ketch to face Carlota.

III

We passed that long day somehow or other, shut up down below. Mostly we just sat in the bunks, smoking cigarettes, staring out the portholes at the green line of shore that moved up and down now and then when the wake of a passing fisherman rocked us.

The next morning I was waiting at the store by the bridge at daybreak, before the truck had brought the bundle of newspapers from Miami.

There was a big spread on the front page. He was going to be all right. Andres would get well. They had him in the hospital in Miami, under guard.

The papers carried the story just as Andres had planned it. A Cuban alien, suffering from a gunshot wound, was picked up by a truck near Long Bridge on the Key West Highway and taken to Jackson Memorial Hospital. There, he was identified as Andres Gil, leader of the Liberal Cuban party, wanted by the Cuban Government for seditious activity involving the bombing of the newspaper *El Tiempo*. Gil said, through interpreters, that he had left Havana with two Cuban fishermen in a small

The Fugitives
(continued from page 16)

boat. The boat had been wrecked during a storm near the Florida shore, and the two fishermen lost, but he had managed to reach shore and had made his way to the highway where the truck had picked him up. He also said that his sister, Carlota Gil, had remained in hiding in Havana. The authorities stated that Gil would be deported as soon as his condition permitted.

It's an odd thing how, when the world has been wrong for you for a long time, when you've been living with anxiety until you've become almost numb to it, until it has come to assume an aspect of normality, almost any sort of change, definite change, will lift you up and send your spirits soaring, even when your problems are far from solved. Well, that's what happened to us. We were almost gay for a while after that.

It was such a relief from the dark day before. We knew that Andres was safe for a time, at least. He had a sort of reprieve. The other thing, that had come out into the open, of course—a definite, concrete menace, but it was a long way off. Anything might happen in the meantime, anything.

We moved the ketch about from place to place after that, changing anchorage every few days. We had to stay fairly close to our base, though, so that I could run to the store and watch the papers for news.

I painted a lot and fished, and we spent the evenings as before, playing about on the shores. Carlota told me about her life. Andres was a lot older than she was and even as a child she remembered him as a leader of reform movements. Their house had been a center of violent discussions. She had grown up in that atmosphere. That sort of thing had filled her life and it was the only life she had ever known.

IV

There was no more news of Andres. Weeks went on, and the papers had nothing about him at all. There were rumors of things going on in Cuba, reports of unrest, but nothing of any importance. Carlota began to grow restless and preoccupied.

Then one day when the skinny, unshaven conch at the store by the bridge handed me the newspapers, something happened to me inside, happened to my brain and my heart and my stomach, all at the same time, came in through my eyes and caused a tumult. There were headlines, big black ones. I saw them all at once, grasped their full meaning in an instant, even before I had the paper properly in my hands. I went outside, holding the pages before me in the dazzling sunlight, scanning them, going over the words, mumbling them almost aloud. I got into the skiff somehow and got the motor started and headed for the entrance to Angelfish.

Amnesty. What a lovely word that was. I'd never thought about that word before in my life. It had never meant anything to me before. But now it was the important word, the one important word out of all those big, black words, out of the hundreds of them. The little motor droned it in the hot, still air.

The meaning of all the other black words had come to me, too, of course. Revolution in Cuba. A quick, successful coup that had upset the Government. Rioting. The dictator had fled the country, a provisional president had been named. And he had declared amnesty. Amnesty for all political prisoners, for all accused of political offenses at home and in exile. Amnesty!

Everything was all right now. Everything. I tried to get more speed from the droning motor. My fingers fumbled at the throttle. At last the blue stretch of sea showed ahead and there was the ketch, swinging to the tide.

I came up under the stern, shouting. "Carlota!" I cried, "Carlota! Everything's all right now. Come on out. Everything's all right!"

There wasn't a sound from the ketch, not a sound. I jumped aboard and sensed, suddenly, the odd, deserted feel about the boat. I threw open the hatchways, shouting, and then I rushed below. Carlota was gone.

There was a note for me and I sat in the cockpit, staring at it. There was no hope in it, none at all. She'd swum ashore, intending to find her way to the road and give herself up. But that was all right, now; it wasn't that part of it that kept me sitting there staring, empty. It was the rest of it, the other things she said. She said that there was no hope for us, no matter what, no matter how things turned out. She was going for my sake. I would never be happy with her. Our lives were so different. So very different. . . .

I used to go down into those waters in the ketch for a couple of months every year to fish and paint, but I don't any more. The place is getting all fished out anyway, and the hurricanes have torn up all the mangroves.

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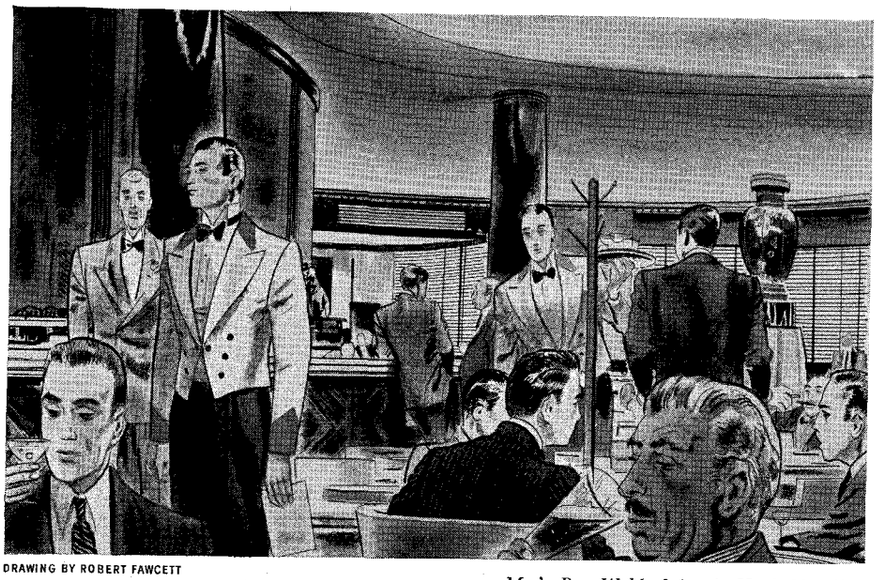

DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Men's Bar, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

SECOND only to the cocktail, the Mint Julep is without question America's greatest contribution to the spirituous drinks of the world. And it has probably caused more feuds than any other drink. People quite willing to concede that there may be several ways to mix a palatable Old-fashioned insist there is only one way to prepare the Julep—their own way. There are no compromises on record.

Of the various "schools" of Julep mixers, one insists that no Mint Julep is worthy of the name if it is not made with good old bourbon whiskey; another claims that rye should be the potent base. Still another prefers brandy, and some even call for a mixture of both brandy and whiskey.

No history of the Mint Julep would be complete without a mention of the recipe given by a distinguished Southern writer, Martha McCulloch-Williams, in her *Dishes and Beverages of the Old South*. Yet the formula of so outstanding an authority gave rise, on its first appearance thirty years ago, to a discussion which raged for weeks in the New York *Sun*. Mrs. Williams' Mint Julep was vehemently denounced by a writer who declared that "the old South would not stand for it." The recipe, Mrs. Williams countered, was that of her father, a man born in 1797:

Choose tender quick-grown mint, leafy, not long stalked and coarse, wash it very clean, taking care not to bruise it in the least, and lay in a clean cloth upon ice. Chill the spirits likewise.

Put the sugar and water in a clean fruit jar and set on ice. Do this at least six hours before serving, so the sugar shall be fully dissolved. Four lumps to the large goblet is about right, with half a gobletful of fresh cold water.

At serving time rub a zest of lemon around the rim of each goblet—the goblets must be well chilled—then half-fill with the dissolved sugar, add a tablespoonful of cracked ice, and stand sprigs of mint thickly all around the rim.

Set the goblets in the tray, then fill up with whiskey or brandy, or both, mixed—the mixture is best with brands that blend smoothly. Drop in the middle a fresh ripe strawberry or cherry or slice of red peach and serve at once.

Fruit can be left out without harm to flavor—it is mainly to please the eye. But never by any chance bruise the mint—it will give an acrid flavor "most intolerable and not to be endured."

There are several other worth-while recipes in our collection. For example, Maclyn Arbuckle prescribes a Bowie County Mint Julep as follows:

"Large metal cup, lemonade size. Water sufficient to cover lump of sugar. Pinch top from tender branch of mint. Drop mint into sugar and water. Fill cup with ice one inch from top.

"Mix until cup is well frosted—add more ice. Pour in GENTLEMAN'S drink of good bourbon. Continue mixing and frosting. Add teaspoon of brandy.

"Select branches of mint to tower three or four inches above cup. Decorate interior of cup with this mint. Arrange opening in mint for attack. Serve on tray."

No one, in my opinion, has described a better method of preparing the Mint Julep than Irvin S. Cobb. In a booklet written for the Frankfort Distilleries, he says:

"Take from the spring some water, mix it with sugar till it seems like oil. Then take a glass and crush your mint within it—with a spoon. Crush it around the borders of the glass and leave no place untouched. Then throw the mint away; it is a sacrifice.

"Fill with cracked ice the glass, pour in the quantity of bourbon which you want. It trickles slowly through the ice. Let it have time to cool, then pour your sugared water over it.

"No spoon is needed, no stirring allowed; just let it stand a moment.

"Then when it is made, sip it slowly. Sip it and say there is no solace for the soul, no tonic for the body like old bourbon whiskey."

To this delightful recipe, Cobb adds: "The first Kentucky Julep an alien drinks is a sensation, the second is a rhythmic benefaction, but the third is a grievous error!"

Ask Mr. Fougner

QUESTION: I have acquired a bottle of Russian Vodka and would like to know just what can be done with it by someone who does not care to drink it straight.

ANSWER: Why not try a few cocktails? Here are two good recipes:

VOLGA COCKTAIL

Two parts Vodka, one part orange juice, one part lemon juice, dash of bitters, two dashes Grenadine, shake.

CZARINA COCKTAIL

One part pineapple juice, one part Vodka, add dash of bitters if desired, shake.

QUESTION: I like to keep my Scotch whiskey in a fine old cut-glass decanter. Is this safe or will I be losing too much good liquor due to evaporation?

ANSWER: Good whiskey does not lose its strength by being exposed to air for a short while, and you may therefore safely decant your Scotch into your glass container. I have had some thirty-year-old whiskey in a similar bottle for the past four years in my own home and if there has been loss through evaporation, it has been too small to be noticeable.

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HENNESSY COGNAC BRANDY

A Real Mint Julep

HOW TO MAKE IT

In a separate container, mix 1 tablespoon white pulverized sugar and 2½ tablespoons water; press 3 or 4 sprigs of fresh mint in the sugar and water until mint is extracted. Now add 1½ wineglasses of ★ ★ ★ Hennessy, then pour mixture into tall glass nearly filled with ice shaved fine. Place sprigs of mint in the ice so the leaves will be on top. Relax and enjoy yourself.

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★ BOUQUET
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84 PROOF

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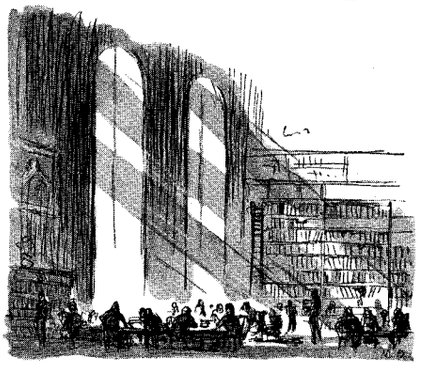

1898 - 1938

If I had a son graduating this year, whether from school or college or university, I would give him two items to read the morning after he received his diploma. *Item 1* is a portion of Page 209 of *Who's Who in America*—the biographical sketch of Standing Backus, who graduated from the University of Michigan in 1898 and from the Detroit College of Law in 1901. *Item 2* consists of two sentences from an editorial in *Printer's Ink* of May 5: "Taking over the presidency of Burrough's Adding [Machine Company], Standing Backus, eminent lawyer, went to school. As humbly as the greenest junior salesman out in the smallest sales agency—but more intelligently—the man who had helped build the corporate structure of General Motors went to sales school."

Hands Off!

Education has always been a sort of stepchild. First it was under the domination of the Church, later it was adopted by business and by politics. In some cases, the forces controlling education have had excellent motives and good results. But the fact remains that our schools have always been under the domination of some outside agency.

Several million impressionable minds represent a terrifying force. If a selfish agent is allowed to influence these minds—as in Germany today—the results will be the antithesis of education.

Fortunately, American schools have not been poisoned. But we cannot deny that there have been cases where churches have retarded scientific teaching, where business has colored courses of study, where politicians have used the schools for personal power. However small this stifling influence has been, its very presence is a black mark against American education.

Who shall control our schools? The same individuals who control our State —"The people are the only safe repositories of power." By this we mean that

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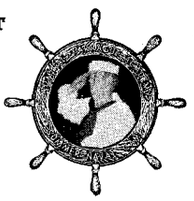

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we must leave education in the able hands of the educators and stake our campuses with signs reading: Hands Off!

Quotation of the Month

"The summer camp deserves a prominent place in education because of the large contribution it is making to the development of stalwart, upright and loyal citizens. No effort should be spared to encourage the expansion of camps until all boys and girls in the land shall enjoy the advantages of camping as a part of their education. The thinking citizen of the world today realizes as never before that the most important factor for social progress, national stability and human happiness is individual character."—Dr. George L. Meylan.

—R. B.

Mountain Rain

Only the rain has made me faithless to the lowlands,
Rain slow as tears.
The arrogant hemlocks lifted gentle, dripping hands,
And the junipers.

Eagles cried over granite. I turned away my face,
Adamant.
How could I know that rain would make this high, proud place
A supplicant?

Peaks blue with distance, mocking the straining tendons,
I could resist.
Who shall not yearn to the tear-washed rhododendrons
And the wet-lipped mist?

—MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

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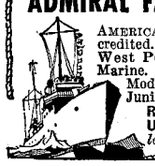

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Dog Preening

ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

In a recent issue this department reviewed the tremendous growth—and improvement—of the dog-show game. It was a roseate picture. A recent series of articles in your correspondent's daily newspaper, however, proves all is not serene, and further indicates that there is a distinct aim among dog-show goers to change one phase of canine exhibition. To put it bluntly—America would like its dogs less artificial.

In the above-mentioned stories we first attacked the methods practiced by some kennels which employ not only a professional handler in the ring with the dog, but also station someone outside the enclosure to attract the dog's attention and improve its performance.

The response was most gratifying. From various sections of the country we received letters deploring the practice and applauding the campaign against it. Only one reader disagreed. It was his point that the main aim was to show dogs off to their very best advantage and that "It does not matter whether one or twenty handlers are employed for the purpose." His letter, when published, brought another storm from fanciers who wished to know what sort of bedlam would be brought about by the twenty-handlers-to-the-dog method at a show such as Morris and Essex, which attracts more than 4000 entries, or at Westminster, which packs the Garden's kenneling capacity with 3000.

During the 1938 Westminster we wrote thousands of words of "lead" and "sidelights." The paragraph which attracted most attention dealt with the matter of powdering, blacking, clipping and, in general, "doctoring" dogs before they were paraded into Madison Square Garden's rings. We longed for a show which would put the dogs down as nature intended them, without leashes tightened at their necks, without handlers putting them in unnatural poses, without the comb and brush and liver ball.

Here, too, the response was significant. We were given to realize that there are many fanciers—and their prominence in the show game is amazing—who would welcome a return to less artificial methods of bringing man's best animal friend before the public. After all, we are more likely to recall a pet Scottie or a beloved great Dane for the manner in which he frolicked in the snow than the manner in which he was primped and posed in the show ring.

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influences the important public

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VETERAN of 2000 Tobacco Auctions

Billie Branch says: "Like most other independent tobacco experts, I smoke Luckies!"

Mr. Smoker: What about these experts who smoke Luckies 2 to 1?

Mr. Lucky Strike: It's a fact . . . and sworn records show it.

Mr. Smoker: What sort of experts?

Mr. L. S.: *Independent* experts. Not tied up with any cigarette maker. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: What do they do?

Mr. L. S.: Take Billie Branch, for instance. He's been "in tobacco" since boyhood. He is an auctioneer.

Mr. Smoker: He must *know* tobacco!

Mr. L. S.: He *does*. He's seen the tobacco all the companies buy, Lucky Strike included—and he's smoked Luckies for 15 years.

Mr. Smoker: That speaks well.

Mr. L. S.: What's more, only Luckies employ the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. "Toasting" makes Luckies a light smoke.

Mr. Smoker: I believe I'll try them.

Sworn Records Show That...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Billie Branch Has Smoked Luckies for 15 Years

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